

*May 1971* FAMED FOR ITS KNITTING  
**WOMAN'S WEEKLY**

**9<sup>d</sup>**

(4 new pence)  
EVERY MONDAY  
16th JANUARY  
1971

Irresistible  
new serial

**'CURTAIN  
CALL'**

behind-the-scenes  
story of a young actress—  
begins inside

**SUPER  
KNITTEDS**

**DESIGNS  
IN PINE**

country-style kitchen  
accessories  
to make in pinewood

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inviting recipes  
from our new series  
of everyday dishes



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30 for 21p (4/3)  
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## THIS IS YOUR WEEK

BY MADAME FRANCESCA



### CAPRICORN

23rd DECEMBER to 20th JANUARY

Young people may keep you pretty well occupied. There is the possibility of an exciting family event around mid-week. Friends prove their worth with their eagerness to help.

### AQUARIUS

21st JANUARY to 19th FEBRUARY

Complications may arise because of a relative's demands. Whatever your decision, be firm though tactful, and try to aim at positive action rather than lengthy discussions.

### PISCES

20th FEBRUARY to 20th MARCH

This should be a good week for introducing minor improvements in the home. Well-ried methods are likely to serve your purpose best—experimental ideas could prove expensive.

### ARIES

21st MARCH to 20th APRIL

There may be an opportunity of making gains from unexpected sources. Working on your own initiative now should show good results and advance some of your plans.

### TAURUS

21st APRIL to 21st MAY

Be as meticulous as possible over everything you do this week, especially on the business side. Leave nothing to chance and do not give way to impulsive actions.

### GEMINI

22nd MAY to 22nd JUNE

You may have to negotiate a tricky situation in the early part of the week. This should give you plenty of chance to use your administrative ability, and your efforts should not go unrewarded.

### CANCER

23rd JUNE to 23rd JULY

In spite of some opposition to your plans, press on with determination. The advantages which are likely to result could benefit other members of your circle as well as yourself.

### LEO

24th JULY to 23rd AUGUST

Try to choose your companions with care. Involvement with other people's problems could result in some awkwardness. Be sure to use all your discretion. A long-standing friendship should prove a comfort.

### VIRGO

24th AUGUST to 23rd SEPTEMBER

The end of the week is likely to be quite eventful. Take every opportunity of getting out and about and meet as many people as possible. A new friendship could be rewarding.

### LIBRA

24th SEPTEMBER to 23rd OCTOBER

Do not be afraid to make decisions, but avoid risks in business transactions. Someone else's viewpoint deserves careful consideration. Thorough attention to detail now could pay dividends later on.

### SCORPIO

24th OCTOBER to 22nd NOVEMBER

Try to rise above petty irritations. Forthcoming arrangements may present several problems, but provided you can discuss the whys and wherefores sensibly, the outcome should be satisfactory all round.

### SAGITTARIUS

23rd NOVEMBER to 22nd DECEMBER

Things are likely to go your way this week, and you may well achieve a long-standing ambition by the weekend. News of a very encouraging nature will probably reach you by post.



# Some resorts lose their identity in 3 years. Ireland has kept hers for centuries.

Something happens when you breathe the fresh air of Ireland. It seems to lighten the spirit immediately. You're on for anything, like meeting the Irish people, and that's no bad thing because they really want to meet you.

Bring your own car. Save all those

## East and South-East Ireland

Dublin is full of things you mightn't have seen before. Gracious Georgian squares with the mountains in the distance; and the exquisitely illuminated Book of Kells in Trinity College. There are also 50 acres of botanical gardens, 3 race-courses, and 14 golf-courses. And, always, the Dubliners themselves.

An hour away in the mountains have lunch in Glendalough—fresh salmon, or delicious local lamb—then wander the shores of the two lovely lakes. St. Kevin founded a monastic settlement here in the 6th century. Traces of it still remain. There's also the tall Round Tower,

packing problems and worries about where to be by such and such a time. There are no new rules to be learnt. You can stop where you like and look at the scenery without getting in anyone's way. It's motoring the way it used to be.

almost as perfect as when it was built, so many centuries ago.

### What to look for

Climb the Rock of Cashel, a plateau of limestone, 200 feet up, where the ancient Kings of Munster held out against the northern invaders. From the Waterford Glass Works comes the Waterford Glass which has been prized for hundreds of years all over the world. Take away a souvenir.

## Ireland

## How to get there

Bring your own car by sea. You relax more when you travel informally. A sea passage gets the holiday off to a good start. The bracing air, the strolls on a deck. Meeting people in the modern bars, restaurants or cafeterias. Or retiring to the privacy of a sleeping cabin—you can do all these things on the fast modern ferries belonging to B + I and Sealink.

### Sealink

Sealink crossings to Ireland cover three strategic points.

HOLYHEAD TO DUBLIN  
(DUN LAOGHAIRE)

FISHGUARD TO ROSSLARE

HEYSHAM (LANCS.) TO DUBLIN  
(DUN LAOGHAIRE)

### B + I MOTORWAY

Wherever you live you can reach a B + I Ferryport *fast*, by motorway. B + I Motorway run up to 21 sailings a week there and back from

LIVERPOOL TO DUBLIN

SWANSEA TO CORK

**Take an Autopackage –  
the complete Irish holiday,**

**from £21.** If you've been with us up to now, you're probably anxious to know how much this is all going to cost. Would you believe £21.0.0 for seven days? For an Autopackage. Many of the major tour operators run them, so there's a wide selection at your travel agent. See what

you're getting for your money: travel there and back for you and your car. Hotel accommodation and meals. You pay extra for golf, fishing, boat hire, pony-trekking, but at the same time, you make certain of them, in advance.

Fill in the coupon alongside. You will receive a colourful booklet on this and other holiday areas in Ireland.

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35 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, C.1. 041-221 2311



To: Irish Tourist Board, P.O. Box 273,  
Baggot Street Bridge, Dublin, Ireland.

Please send me your **free colour booklet**  
about sea crossings and holidays in  
Ireland.

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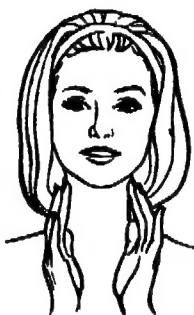
## How to Make Your Skin Lovelier

**A** COMPLEXION that is exquisitely smooth and fine-grained in texture can be yours with just a few simple steps of basic skin care. These beauty suggestions will help you to attain a youthful, flawless complexion for a lifetime.



**Smooth Skin All Day.** Cherish your flawlessly beautiful complexion constantly with daily applications of moist oil. This balanced beauty fluid contributes to the rapid replenishment of oil-and-moisture reservoirs within the skin and helps to soak away flaky patches and eradicate tiny lines and wrinkle-dryness. As you circle oil of Ulay over your face and neck, the natural smoothness, vitality and youthful loveliness of your skin will gently emerge. The Ulay oil also provides a perfect cosmetic foundation and will maintain a unique freshness and bloom under your make-up all through the day.

**M**ake Your Neck a Beauty Asset. For a beautiful, smooth, slender neck that is just as lovely as your complexion, end your day by giving your neck the natural fairing, toning treatment of lemons. Soak a little lemon Delph freshener onto a cotton-wool pad and gently dab it all over your neck until you can feel the surface skin cells glowing with a new radiance. Then for added loveliness, smooth on a film of moist tropical oil of Ulay to keep your neck supple, soft and free from wrinkle-dryness.



**B**eautify an Oily Skin. There is nothing more refreshing to those of you with an oily skin than a weekly beauty face-pack. A recommended and inexpensive pack is made by mixing the beaten white of an egg with fine oatmeal. This pack serves as a wonderful tonic and does its work of smoothing the complexion in about fifteen minutes. Sponge off with tepid water, tone with lemon Delph freshener and finally smooth in a light film of oil of Ulay to give your complexion a youthful bloom.

## OVER 40 CLUB

Never let it be said that we neglect the larger sizes—  
if your hips measure 40 inches or over, then  
Caroline Hunt writes this column especially for you



**MIDI PLUS PANTS** equals one terrific outfit that has all the right ingredients for spring 1971, or two separate garments that can each lead a useful and versatile fashion life. Tunic top is button-through, looks great worn belted, over pants, equally good as a pinafore dress, over shirts and sweaters or as a sleeveless coat over dresses. Pants are beautifully shaped and have a side zip; they would team happily with any existing tops or tunics in your wardrobe. By Clifton Slimline, the outfit is in an unusual textured Crimplene and comes in navy, gold or sky blue all with white. Price is £15 for the tunic and pants outfit (the shirt blouse in our photograph is the model's own), and it is available in hip sizes 44 to 48 inches from Selfridges Ltd., Oxford Street, London, W.1, next month.



# Health-giving natural protein- from Silvikrin



## Natural Protein Shampoo

Think of all the ways protein makes you beautiful (bright eyes, clear skin, healthy teeth) . . . and then try Silvikrin's high-protein treatment on your hair.

Because protein is what your hair is made of. That means when you shampoo, a little natural protein becomes a part of every single hair: shines it up, builds it up, so thin hair feels thicker, weak hair grows stronger, limp hair holds a set longer.

Protein. It's the greatest natural body-builder . . . even for your hair.

### The New Naturals by Silvikrin

Natural Protein Shampoo  
Almond Cream Shampoo  
Silvikrin Natural Shampoo  
Lemon and Lime Shampoo





# About Town



A delightful young woman, daughter of ex-President Johnson, talks with Sally Patience on her first visit to England

Saturday, 10th January, 1971

LUCI, Mrs. Patrick Nugent, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, made her first visit to London when she came with her mother for the publication of *A White House Diary*. When we met, Luci was delighting over a new purchase—a snakeskin printed shoulder bag to match the shoes and belt which she already had—for her white gaberdine dress. London she loves: "I just want to soak up the atmosphere like a sponge."

She was sixteen when her father became President and went to the White House. "My first reaction was that I was going to live in a museum; when I came out of the elevator for the first time there were oil paintings around and it truly was like a museum; I felt very estranged from the whole structure of the house," she recalled

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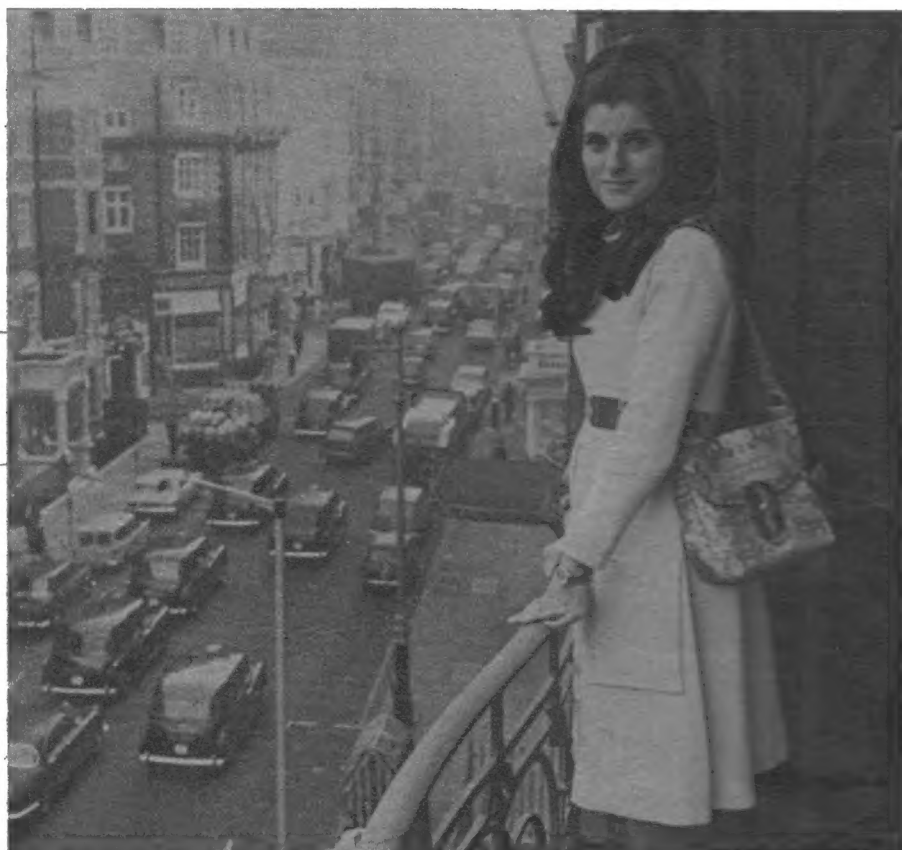
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# WOMAN'S WEEKLY

40 LONG ACRE, LONDON, WC2E 9QB  
© IPC Magazines Ltd., 1971



On a balcony at Claridges. Luci Nugent absorbing the London scene.

with candour. But this feeling lessened because she had History of Art papers to do. She chose for her subject the effect the White House had on the people who lived there, what they had contributed to the House, and she made a survey of the paintings. "When I came to know and to learn about that House, I came to understand it."

When the time came, she was sad to leave. She was married from the House so that it will forever be a part of her life. She lives now some sixty miles from her parents' Texas ranch, in a city big enough to be interesting, small enough for people to greet each other on the sidewalk. She and her husband bought a house a few years ago.

"I never wake up each day without looking around and saying, 'Gosh, it's mine'. It is a delightful place to raise children." The H-shaped house is mainly of reinforced glass. Her husband, now home from Vietnam and out of the services, is a businessman with a firm in San Antonio, and they have two little children, Nicole and Patrick Lyndon.

Mrs. Johnson, when First Lady, spearheaded a campaign to beautify America—not just as a figurehead but as a practical, keen, gardening woman. I asked how Luci's garden was shaping. One sensed relief at

her being able to say it was so well-tended.

"As a child I did not see any fun in this weeding, it was a tedious task. When my husband got back from Vietnam the courtyard looked awful. My mother came out and saw we would have to do something about it. We got out there together and re-did the whole thing." They planted and weeded. "I feel they are all my darlings: I planted them." So there's an impetus to see they really flourish.

Because it was such a crucial moment in world history I was compelled to ask her about President Kennedy's assassination.

"I was in Spanish class and one of the girls came in, one who was usually 'jokey', and said that the President had been shot." Luci told her that she didn't think it funny and received the reply, "I am not joking." Their teacher suggested work continue until any definite news was received.

"About five minutes later, a bell started to ring. All the girls got up, without one word, and walked down to the gym." The school, of four hundred pupils, assembled in complete silence.

"I knew the Kennedys; it was the sorrow that hit me." Even then, during the service, Luci did not grasp what this event would mean in her life. One or two pupils she noticed, were looking at her, she felt, in





The well-groomed looks of Luci Nugent.



Dr. Roy Strong and designer Julia Oman: behind, a portrait of Samuel Pepys.



Mary Meredith and Jill Evans of Radio London.



Doreen Forsyth of Woman's Hour looks in.



Keen students at a demonstration.

consolation; her best friends walked one on each side. Outside a nearby mistress was told that a man was coming up the drive. Luci heard him say: "I am here for Miss Johnson." He was a special policeman, assigned to accompany her wherever she went. It was now about half an hour after that first rumour in class and the change of her father's position from Vice-President began to dawn on her. Like many over the world, numbed by the news, Luci went to her parents' home to watch TV. "It never occurred to me to be afraid that it might be part of a massive plot . . . I thought of my father. How could I help him; he had such a massive task. 'Whatever can I do to help?' I thought. Then I did what you might think to be a strange thing. But it has always been important to my father that the women in his family should look attractive and well-groomed. I thought that I must get ready for whenever he came. I looked dreadful after that day. So I went to wash my hair, and really tidy myself up properly, so that when I next met him I would look nice."

With her cloudy black hair newly set to frame her fine features, Luci must have given a great sense of tranquillity after those tormented hours her parents had gone through.

#### OLD RECIPES . . .

*Samuel Pepys Esq.* is the name of a colourful exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery until the end of January. Gallery Director, Dr. Roy Strong, called in Julia Oman to design it. For her this is another triumph after her work on the *Enigma Variations* ballet, *Forty Years On* and *Brief Lives*.

"I hope this will be a breakthrough in such an exhibition," Dr. Strong told me enthusiastically. "I have always wanted to work on an exhibition with Julia Oman and this was an ideal opportunity."

"For me," comments Julia Oman, "it was more a matter of setting up a theatrical show without actors and creating an atmosphere for visitors to walk about in." There is a re-creation of Pepys's living-quarters, furniture and food, all authentic, the latter cooked from old recipes.

Open: Monday-Friday, 10-5; Saturday 10-6; Sunday 2-6. Admission 5s.; children, students and pensioners, 3s.

#### AND NEW . . .

For the housewife who is normally a single-handed cook-hostess, there's a novelty in cooking in company. The fun of comparing notes adds an extra-special ingredient to the luxury cookery courses now being run by our big sister magazine, *Woman and Home*—which comes out every month.

Called "Come and Cook", the three-day courses run from Tuesday to Thursday, and are now in session. Cookery Editor Mary Meredith and Tutor Judy Dinwiddie have already welcomed visitors from the BBC as well as readers from as far as Ireland and Scotland.

The fee of £17 10s. covers intensive tuition, materials, tools, fuel and lunch, and the syllabus includes party cookery, and recipes of students' own choice.

Full details can be obtained from: Mary Meredith, *Woman and Home* Kitchens, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, marking your envelope "Come and Cook Course W.W."

***Most of us would rather risk catastrophe than read the instructions.***

MIGNON McLAUGHLIN



# Colour is Everything

In the drab days of winter we appreciate the richer shades—  
and that's why we chose a warm orange for this long-line sweater.  
Its twist-stitch panels give a slimming line; saddle shoulders offset the classic neckline

## INSTRUCTIONS IN 3 SIZES

**MATERIALS:** Twenty ounces of Lister Lavenda Double Knitting Wool for the 34-inch bust size; twenty-one ounces for the 36-inch bust size; twenty-two ounces for the 38-inch bust size. For any one size: a pair each of No. 9, No. 10 and No. 11 knitting needles; a belt.

**Tension:** Work at a tension of 13 stitches and 16 rows to 2 inches, over the stocking stitch, using No. 9 needles, to obtain the measurements given below right.

**ABBREVIATIONS:** To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; dec., decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); inc., increase (by working twice into same st.); s.s., stocking st. (k. on the right side and p. on the wrong side); tw.2, twist 2 (wool forward to make a st., k. 2, then pass the made st. over the k. 2); double rib is k. 2 and p. 2 alternately.

**Note:** The instructions are given for the 34-inch bust size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 36-inch bust size; work the figures within the second brackets for the 38-inch bust size.

**THE BACK:** With No. 11 needles cast on 134 (140) (146) sts.

1st rib row: P. 2 (3) (4), \* k. 2, p. 2; repeat from \* until 4 (5) (6) sts. remain, k. 2, then p. 2 (3) (4).

2nd rib row: K. 2 (3) (4), \*\*\* tw.2, \* k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, tw.2; repeat from \* 4 times \*\*\*, then \*\* k. 2, p. 2; repeat from \*\* 10 (11) (12) times, k. 2, work from \*\*\* to \*\*\* once, then k. 2 (3) (4).

Repeat these 2 rows 9 times more.

Change to No. 9 needles.

1st pattern row: P. 2 (3) (4), \* k. 2, p. 2; repeat from \* 10 times, k. 42 (46) (50), \*\* p. 2, k. 2; repeat from \*\* 10 times, p. 2 (3) (4).

2nd pattern row: K. 2 (3) (4), \*\* tw.2, \* k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, tw.2; repeat from \* 4 times \*\*, k. 2, p. 2, 42 (46) (50), k. 2, work from \*\* to \*\* once, then k. 2 (3) (4).

These 2 rows form the pattern; repeat them 55 times more.

**To shape the armholes:** Maintaining continuity of the pattern, cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 7 rows and following 2 (3) (4) right-side rows. This completes armhole shaping.

On 104 (108) (112) sts., work 31 rows straight.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 2 rows—100 (104) (108) sts.

**To slope for the saddle shoulders:** Cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows; 8 (8) (9) sts. on the following 2 rows; 8 (9) (9) sts. on the next 2 rows and 9 sts. on the following 2 rows.

On 34 (36) (38) sts., beginning with a k. row, s.s. 6 rows for back neck extension.

Break wool; leave sts. on a spare needle.

**THE FRONT:** Work as given for the back until the armhole shaping has been completed.

On 104 (108) (112) sts., work 24 rows straight.

Now divide sts. for front neck: Next row: Pattern 44 (45) (46) and leave these sts. on a spare needle until required for right front shoulder, pattern across the next 16 (18) (20) sts. and leave these on a stitch-holder, then pattern to end of row and work on these 44 (45) (46) sts. for the left front shoulder.

**The left front shoulder:** To shape the neck: Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on each of the next 5 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 1 st. at beginning—armhole edge—on the following row.

On 36 (37) (38) sts., work 1 row, ending at armhole edge.

**To slope for the saddle shoulder and continue shaping neck:** 1st row: Cast off 8, pattern until 2 sts. remain, dec.

2nd row: Work without shaping.

3rd row: Cast off 8 (8) (9) sts., pattern until 2 sts. remain, dec.

4th row: As 2nd row.

5th row: Cast off 8 (9) (9) sts., pattern until 2 sts. remain, dec.

On 9 sts., work 1 row, then cast off.

**The right front shoulder:** With right side of work facing, rejoin wool to the 44 (45) (46) sts. left on spare needle and pattern to end of row.

Now work as given for the left front shoulder to end.

**THE SLEEVES (both alike):** With No. 11 needles cast on 52 (52) (56) sts.

1st rib row: P. 1, \* k. 2, p. 2; repeat from \* until 3 sts. remain, k. 2, p. 1.

2nd rib row: K. 1, \* p. 2, k. 2; repeat from \* until 3 sts. remain, p. 2, k. 1.

Repeat these 2 rows 9 times more.

Change to No. 9 needles.

Work the 2 rib rows 5 times, increasing 1 st. at each end of the last row—54 (54) (58) sts.

Beginning with a k. row, s.s. 6 rows.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row and every following 6th row until the 17th (18th) (17th) inc. row has been worked.

On 88 (90) (92) sts., s.s. 11 (5) (11) rows.

**To shape the sleeve top:** Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and following 7 (8) (9) alternate rows.

On 60 sts., work 1 row.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 19 rows.

On 22 sts., beginning with a p. row, s.s. 33 (34) (35) rows for saddle shoulder extension. Cast off.

**THE COLLAR:** First set in right sleeve, sewing the row ends of the saddle shoulder extension to sts. cast off for shoulders on back and front, then join first 9 sts. cast-off at top of extension to the 6 row ends at top of back, now join left sleeve to front only.

With right side of work facing, rejoin wool to the 10th st. along cast-off edge at top of left sleeve and using No. 9 needles, pick up and k. 13 sts. from the remainder of this edge, 20 sts. down left side of neck, k. across the 16 (18) (20) sts. on stitch-holder at centre front, pick up and k. 20 sts. from right side of neck, 13 sts. from remainder of cast-off edge of right sleeve and finally k. across the 34 (36) (38) sts. at back.

On 116 (120) (124) sts., work 5 rows in double rib.

Change to No. 10 needles and rib 14 rows.

Next row: All p. on the right side to mark fold line.

Rib 14 rows.

Change to No. 11 needles and rib 5 rows.

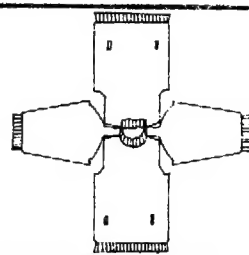
Cast off loosely in rib.

**THE BELT CARRIERS (make 4):** With No. 9 needles cast on 8 sts. and work 22 rows in s.s. Cast off.

**TO MAKE UP THE SWEATER:** Press on wrong side, avoiding the ribbing, using a warm iron over a damp cloth and with a thick blanket underneath. Join remaining sleeve seam and back extension to sleeve top. Join sleeve and side seams. Join row ends of each belt carrier and with seam at centre, neaten ends. Sew 2 belt carriers in place as in photograph and remaining 2 on back.

Fold collar to inside at fold line and slip st. in place. Fold ribbing at lower edge of sleeves in half to wrong side and slip st. in position. Press seams.

MEASUREMENTS	in inches		
Bust size	34	36	38
All round at underarms	36	38	40
Side seam	16½	16½	16½
Length	23½	24	24½
Sleeve seam, with ribbing folded double	16½	16½	16½







Other winter flatterers include mulberry, ginger, sage green, scarlet, dark mink, French navy, any one of which would team up beautifully with a tweed skirt.





# CURTAIN CALL

AN IRRESISTIBLE, BEHIND-THE-SCENES NOVEL OF THE THEATRE

The stage . . . the "boards" . . . time-honoured magnet of audience and players alike. KAY THORPE writes with so much sympathy about a young actress with the starshine of talent about her

"DID YOU HEAR that?" said the girl standing at Kerry's side in the wings. "They're saying that Ryan Maxwell himself is out front."

To Kerry, at that precise moment, the news meant little. The fact that in a few short moments she would be standing out there on the stage, with but the one chance to gain the part she so desperately wanted, filled her heart and mind to the exclusion of everything else. The waiting was the worst part. Waiting and listening while others proclaimed their own right to the rôle of Charmian in this forthcoming production of *Antony and Cleopatra*. If the famous actor was out front, he must surely be heartily sickened by now of the endless procession of unknowns, all anxious to be associated with his Antony?

"How do they know?" she asked, because it seemed to be expected of her.

"Someone recognised him. He's sitting about six rows back on the right."

The stage manager was beckoning to Kerry from the prompt corner. She took a steadying breath and straightened the skirt of her green tweed dress before going tentatively forward.

"West," he said, ticking against her name on the list he held. "Off the other side, please, when you've finished."

Out on the stage, beneath the dim rehearsal lighting, Kerry looked out into the dark void beyond the footlights, murmured a nervous, "Good morning", and heard two voices—a man's and a woman's—answer from somewhere over on her left.

"Will you take it from '*Dissolve, thick cloud*'?" came the woman's voice again a second or two later. "Stewart—that's him

over there—will 'feed' you."

Stewart was the Assistant Stage Manager, a bored-looking individual clad in tight purple jeans, who straddled a chair a few feet away down right. One hand held a tattered, onion-skin copy of the script, from which he didn't even bother to raise his eyes. Kerry swallowed thickly, cleared her throat and found her voice:

"*'Dissolve, thick cloud, and ruin, that I may say the gods themselves do weep.'*"

There was a small silence after she had finished. A whisper of voices down below suggested some kind of conference going on. Then the woman said clearly, "Aren't you the girl who had a part in that TV series a few months back?"

Kerry acknowledged the fact, wondering if that was going to be held against her. The series had run into trouble with public opinion after the first two weeks, it was true, and had been taken off after the third instalment, but her own part had been far too small and insignificant to have had any bearing on its lack of success.

"Thank you, Miss West, we'll let you know."

Well, what had she expected? Kerry asked herself that question as she came out into the wintry sleet a few minutes later. There had been at least three more hopefuls waiting behind her in the wings, and perhaps more to come. Could she really have hoped for one moment that the powers-that-be would fling themselves upon her and tell everyone else to go home because they had found the only actress who could possibly play Charmian? Dreams like that were just . . . dreams.

All the same she wouldn't give up hope

altogether, she told herself, pausing on the kerb edge to assess the flowing traffic.

Despite the off-putting monotone of the ASM's reading, she believed she had given a reasonably good account of herself . . . This car was stopping, if she hurried she could get across before . . .

A SCREECH of brakes, the furious blare of a horn, and Kerry felt a hand fasten roughly about her upper arm, snatching her back from beneath the wheels of a taxi-cab which seemed to have appeared out of nowhere. White-faced, her heart thumping sickeningly, she raised her eyes to thank her rescuer, only to stop and stare in startled recognition, all thought of her narrow escape driven temporarily from her mind. How many times had she seen these dark, forceful features gazing out from books and magazines? How many times had she watched this lean, lithe man take and hold an audience with the very power of his acting? Involuntarily she spoke his name.

"Ryan Maxwell!"

A smile touched the corners of his mouth. "More than flattering under the circumstances. Do you make a habit of jumping under taxis?"

"I—I didn't see it," she stammered.

"That's a relief." He studied her, his hand still on her arm. "Are you all right? You look pale."

Kerry shook herself out of her stupor. What must he be thinking of her, staring at him like this? Though, come to think of it, he was very probably quite used to such a reaction.

"Oh, yes, I'm fine," she hastened to





assure him. "And thank you for pulling me back when you did. It was lucky for me you happened to be nearby. If not I might have . . . there might have been . . ." She stopped suddenly, embarrassedly aware that she was talking a little wildly. "I'm quite all right now," she finished lamely.

He made no attempt to let her go. "You don't look it." His grey eyes were shrewd. "How many hours is it since you last ate anything?"

The question was so unexpected that she jumped almost guiltily. "I don't really think . . ." she began.

"It's any of my business?" he put in. "Perhaps not. But I can't see much point in yanking you out from under one vehicle only to have you pass out in front of another from sheer hunger. What did you have for breakfast this morning? Coffee and toast?"

"Well, yes," she admitted reluctantly. "But I'm not in the least hungry." With rather more asperity she added, "And certainly not in any danger of passing out!"

"No?" His voice was openly sceptical. "I've seen that pinched look before." He started to turn. "Come on. There's a bar round the corner where we can at least get you a pick-me-up."

"Oh, please," Kerry protested, drawing back. "I can't possibly . . ."

"Accept a drink from a stranger?" Very slightly the mockery deepened. "But you know who I am, Miss West."

She blinked. "You know my name?"

"I was in the theatre when you did your piece a short while ago." Conversationally he added, "That red hair of yours stands out a mile."

As he was speaking, he was leading her

prowess with the opposite sex was legend. Facing him now, Kerry could readily understand why. He radiated a kind of magnetism that was all male and infinitely disturbing.

"How badly are you in need of a job?" he asked into the silence which lay between them.

She made herself shrug lightly. "No more than ten thousand others, if the latest reports on unemployed actors are to be believed."

"I doubt that they're far out," he returned evenly. "It's an overcrowded profession. At the moment, however, we're concerned with only one of that number. What have you done since that TV series?"

"Nothing." She smiled wryly. "The series didn't help."

"Being associated with a flop rarely does." He looked round as the publican arrived at his elbow with a tray. "Ah, thanks, Roy, that will do fine."

A plate containing a large and steaming hot meat and potato pie was placed in front of Kerry, together with a knife and fork. This was followed by a glass, and a half bottle of rosé. Finally the man placed another glass of a golden liquid before her companion, accepted a couple of banknotes in exchange and went away in possession of the change and a satisfied smile.

"Tuck in," invited Ryan, stubbing out the remains of his cigarette. "Don't let it get cold."

Slowly she picked up the knife and fork, cut down into the tempting looking pastry crust, and was rewarded by a flow of thick, rich gravy which smelled wonderful.

After a moment Ryan reached out for the

to read. "When is your birthday?"

"When?" She was somewhat startled, unable to fathom out why her birth date should be of interest. "Oh, well, it's the twenty-eighth of March, to be exact."

"The twenty-eighth? That makes you an Aries subject, then. I come under Taurus myself."

Taking her cue from the faint twinkle in his eyes, Kerry said lightly, "I wouldn't have thought you the kind of man to study the stars."

"And you'd be right. We shape our own destinies."

"That's not necessarily true." With some surprise she heard her own even tones contradicting him. "Fate plays a certain part in everyone's life."

"Kismet, eh? Are you of the belief, then, that somewhere there is just one man whom fate has picked out for you to fall in love with and eventually marry?"

He was openly baiting her. Kerry lifted her chin. "I might not even be meant to marry at all."

"What's the alternative for a woman? A career is no substitute for a home and family."

"The same," she retorted swiftly, "could be applied to a man."

"You're wrong, you know. The male of the species can be perfectly happy with a career, if he wishes to be. Which brings us back to the crux of the whole argument, doesn't it?"

He was, Kerry decided, quite infuriating. And how on earth had they begun such a discussion in the first place?

The landlord's call for last orders dismayed her. They must have been here at

**"Thank you. We'll let you know . . ." Familiar words to those who aspire to an acting career, who audition tremblingly, and wait hopefully; who, like Kerry, long for the chance of that first, big break . . .**

away from the kerb towards the corner. Kerry went with him bemusedly, wondering if this could really be happening to her, or if she would awaken in her bed back at Mrs. O'Keefe's very shortly. To be walking along the street side by side with Ryan Maxwell of all people. It had to be a dream!

But if it were it was a very realistic one. Once or twice she was aware of people glancing in their direction, of whispered comments which appeared to go unnoticed by the man at her side. He didn't speak again until they had reached the shelter and welcome warmth of the small, oak-panelled saloon bar.

"Sit here," he invited when he had taken her coat, and indicated an alcove well out of reach of any draughts from the doorway. "I shan't be a moment."

Kerry obeyed, and watched his tall figure move rapidly across the carpeted floor to the bar, where he was immediately greeted by the publican. A slight flush stained her cheeks as the latter threw her an inquisitive glance after receiving the order, then her benefactor retraced his steps.

Ryan Maxwell sat down opposite her, leant back in his seat and regarded her silently, assessing the quality of her features beneath the bell of pale red hair.

Kerry felt, inevitably, weighed up and found wanting. Not to be wondered at, of course, considering the visions of beauty and elegance he was more used to viewing across a table for two. Ryan Maxwell's

wine and filled her glass, which he then pushed towards her across the table top. "Get that down you, too," he said. "And then have another, and warm the cockles of your heart!"

His smile was warming in itself, the sardonic twist of his lips giving way to the genuine article. Kerry felt the reticence inside her dissolving before the sheer charm of the man. Involuntarily she smiled back, and her face leapt into vibrant life, drawing a look of sudden speculation to his eyes.

After that he was silent again until she finally sat back with a small, contented sigh and an empty plate. "That was good," she said. Half-shyly her glance met his. "Thank you again."

The mobile left eyebrow lifted briefly. "So much gratitude for one small pie? I could think of those who would consider it quite wasted on anything less than a diamond pin."

"It's relative, isn't it?" Kerry took a short swallow from her glass, replaced it on the table and looked up to meet his quizzical gaze. "I mean relative to one's needs."

His amusement deepened perceptibly. "I knew what you meant. It was a very sensible reply to a rather tasteless remark." A brief pause, then he said, "How old are you, Kerry West?"

"Twenty-two." Suddenly on the defensive again without quite knowing why, she tagged on quickly, "Almost twenty-three."

"Really?" His expression was impossible

least forty minutes, and a man like Ryan Maxwell would almost certainly be a busy one. "I'm sorry," she said in swift embarrassment, reaching for her handbag. "I had no idea it was so late. You must be ready to leave."

"When I am," he returned calmly, "I'll let you know. Sit tight and finish your wine. Or would you like something else?"

"Oh, no," she denied in haste. "This is fine." She subsided into her seat again, took a sip from her glass.

"Tell me about yourself," he said unexpectedly. "How long have you been in the theatre?"

"Five years," she answered. "Counting drama school, that is." Drawn by his interest she went on, "I'd just finished eighteen months in rep. when I landed that TV part. Sometimes I wish I'd stayed in Brentwich."

"Brentwich, was it?" His interest had sharpened. "What did you do while you were there?"

"Just about everything in the beginning. It was only during the latter months that I began to get my teeth into real parts." Her glance flickered towards him. "You were there, weren't you?"

"Yes." A small frown momentarily creased the space between the black brows. "A long time ago."

Twelve years, reflected Kerry. But at thirty-four he had achieved so much. Four years ago his Hamlet had been acclaimed

*Continued overleaf*





Almost snatching the telephone away from her extremely interested landlady, she spoke breathlessly into it. "Kerry West here."



## CURTAIN CALL

Continued

as one of the finest interpretations of the century. Since then he had made two extremely successful films, and taken part in many memorable productions. Antony was a new rôle for him, and certainly one of the most demanding he had ever been called upon to play.

"What about your parents?" he asked now, bringing her out from her thoughts. "Do they know the kind of life you've been living these last months?"

"My parents died when I was seven," she told him. "I was brought up by an aunt and uncle until I was sixteen."

"What happened then?"

"Aunt Alice died." Her voice was flat. "Uncle John married again the following year. I . . . just didn't fit in."

"And that's when you decided to take up acting as a career?"

"More or less. I'd always wanted to do that, and when Uncle John offered to make me an allowance to see me through the three years' drama training it seemed like an ideal opportunity."

"For all parties," Ryan observed drily. "Where does your uncle live?"

"Australia. He and his new wife emigrated there a couple of years ago."

"And lost contact." It was a statement not a question, and Kerry rose quickly and typically in defence of her own.

"Not at all. We write to each other—and I always get a present from them on my birthday and at Christmas."

"Which you open in the sweet seclusion of a little bed-sitter somewhere in London, no doubt?"

"Bed-sitter, yes. Sweet seclusion, hardly. It's open house at Mrs. O'Keefe's. Two district nurses, two medical students, one budding business tycoon, and me."

"Last but by no means least." He rested his dark head against the high wooden back of the seat, eyes reflectively on her face. "You didn't use your script once this afternoon, I noticed. Did you learn the whole scene by heart, or have you played Charmian before?"

"Brentwich put on both the Shaw and Shakespeare *Cleopatra* plays on consecutive weeks during my last month there. I only had a bit part in the Shaw play, but I played Charmian for the whole of the second week." Kerry waited a moment to gather her courage. "I know I shouldn't ask," she said hesitantly, "but do you think I have any chance at all of making the running?"

There was a short pause before he answered, and his expression seemed to harden a little. "The final choice," he said at last, "in no way rests with me."

"I know." She was miserably aware that he had misconstrued her intentions. "I wasn't suggesting that you might . . . that you would even think I was worth . . ." Her voice trailed away. Kerry looked down at her hands and bit her lip. Why hadn't she kept her mouth shut? He could hardly be blamed for assuming that she was asking him to put in a word for her.

When she looked up again he was smiling, and her heart leapt in relief. "No," he said, "I don't think you did." Another pause, then he said evenly, "Why are you so desperate to have this part? Because you need the money so badly?"

"The money?" The blankness of her tone was not put on. "Oh, I suppose it would be fine to be earning again, but I'd

Continued overleaf

# BY WAY OF AN ENCORE!



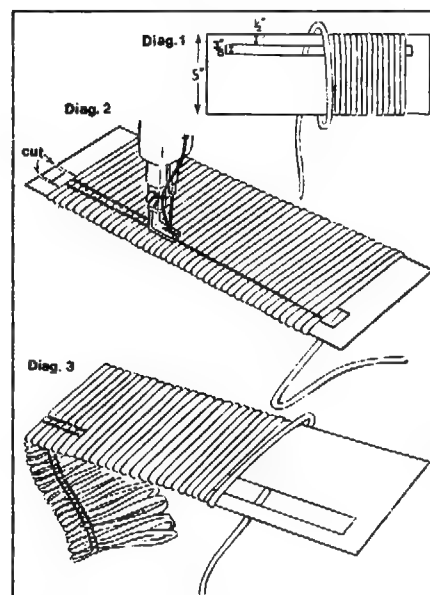
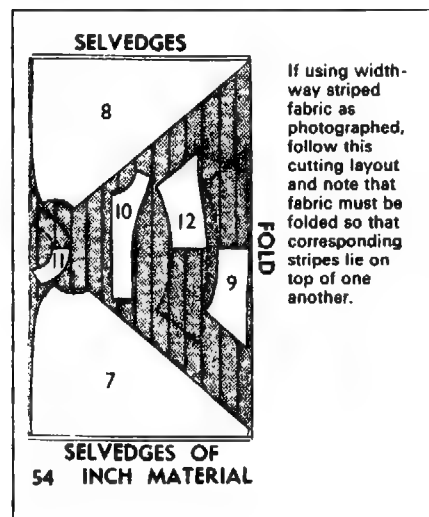
After the success of our knitted ponchos we thought we would show you one to sew yourself, and team with pants or trendy culottes. Use McCall's brilliant idea for a do-it-yourself fringing too!

Tip top favourite the country over is the pull-on poncho. It provides an extra layer of warmth and gives winter separates a lighthearted look in a way no coat can achieve. Loose enough for the sweaters to be piled on underneath and long enough to hide any hip bulges, a poncho is the perfect partner for pants although it can, of course, be worn with a suitable skirt if you prefer.

McCall's pattern no. 2456 Price 7s. postage and packing free. Bust/hip sizes 30½/32½, 31½/33½, 32½/34½, 34/36 and 36/38 inches. To make the poncho in the widthway striped fabric shown here allow 1½ yards (this allows for matching the stripes) and use the layout given on this page. In 54-inch fabric without an up-and-down way, allow 1½ yards. For side-buttoned version as shown in sketch allow 1½ yards. Long trousers take 1½ to 1½ yards; culottes 1½ to 1½ yards.

### THE FABRIC DETAILS

Digo-Loom's folkweave-type stripe wool mixture was our choice for the poncho. In scarlet/navy/putty on white ground it costs 42s. 6d. a yard, 54-inches wide, and teams with plain navy wool mixture at 27s. a yard, 54-inches wide, for the trousers. These fabrics are available from The Fabric Spot, 33 Thurlow Street, London, S.W.1. (postage and packing extra). Fabric samples on request from the store.



### TO MAKE THE WOOL FRINGING

Allow five ounces of Double Knitting wool in a shade to tone or contrast with your fabric.

Cut a piece of card 18 in. by 5 in. Mark a 16-in. by ½-in. oblong, ½ in. away from one long edge and centrally placed along the length; cut out this oblong (see diagram 1). Wind wool evenly round card, to within about 1 in. of each end of the card. Using matching thread, machine two rows of stitching inside the cut-away section (see diagram 2).

Cut away one end of card, as shown in diagram 2. Carefully slide fringe off this cut end, leaving about 1 in. of fringe on the card. Continue winding wool round card to within 1 in. of card end as before (see diagram 3). Machine stitch this section, and again slide fringe off the cut end, leaving about 1 in. of fringe on card.

Continue in this way until you have the length of fringing required. The lower edge of the fringe can be left looped or cut through, as required.

To make the front neckline lacing, twist or plait three or six strands of wool together, and knot the ends; proceed as pattern.

For pattern address and voucher with which to order, please turn to page 67.





*Sweater by John Craig*



## CURTAIN CALL

Continued

do it for nothing rather than not at all." Her voice altered, became eager and alive. "It's such a wonderful play, isn't it? Shakespeare excelled himself when he conceived it."

"You think it better than the big four?"

Her brow furrowed. "Better is hardly the word I would use. It's so completely different, I don't see how one could possibly compare it with *Hamlet* or *Othello*."

"It's still a tragedy."

"Yes, but not at all in the same sense. It's . . ." she groped for words . . . "a vision of perfect love between two people who have experienced almost all that life has to offer. It never sets out to excite the same emotions as the other great tragedies."

"A man and a woman both totally unscrupulous in their ambitions." Ryan's mouth was sardonic again. "Only Shakespeare could have taken two such beings and made them sympathetic characters, wouldn't you say?"

"I suppose so." She was a little puzzled by his swift change of mood. For the first time she noticed that they were the only ones left in the bar. She looked back at him, said awkwardly, "They must be waiting to close, and I've taken up enough of your time."

This time he made no attempt to deny it. "I'll get your coat," he said.

**I**N THE doorway he asked, "Where are you going now?"

"Home," Kerry replied, shivering in the cold, damp air of the late afternoon.

"And where is home?"

"Camberwell." Hastily she added, "I can get the tube from across the road."

His grey eyes surveyed the increased flow of traffic. "And probably get yourself killed trying to get across. My car is parked in the alleyway at the side of the theatre. I'll run you home."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly . . ." she began for the second time that afternoon, but now, as before, he declined to listen to her protestations, taking her arm, and urging her along the pavement towards the theatre parking place.

The traffic made progress necessarily slow on the way to Camberwell. Ryan took to the back streets and kept to them, revealing a knowledge of London that any taxi driver might have envied. They crossed the river by Blackfriars Bridge, took a devious route down to the Elephant and Castle, and then on until Kerry told him to turn off.

When the car finally came to a stop before the tall, narrow building she indicated, she knew she must make haste to get out and disappear up the grimy stone steps into oblivion. But there was the seat belt to be dealt with, and her gratitude to express once more, before she could make that move.

Ryan, however, didn't appear to be listening. His eyes were on the row of houses stretching away into the gathering murk which cloaked the end of the street.

"And the years roll back," he said softly.

"You know, this could be the same street I first lived in when I came back to London from Brentwich—except that it was somewhere in Bloomsbury. Even that corner shop over there looks the same."

It was hard to believe, thought Kerry, that this man had ever been anything but

Continued on page 60

# MAKE-UP TO THE MINUTE

Cosmetics in subtle shades, applied with a delicate touch, is Rebecca Scott's formula for sure-fire beauty. This week she tells you about each item in detail

The right cosmetics can do so much for every woman's looks, yet so many of us make mistakes in choosing and applying them or won't bother to try something new. So, what are the right cosmetics—for you?

This depends on your age, your type, which features you want to emphasise and which you want to divert attention from. We all differ in our make-up needs. Some have the sort of skin, pearly and very fine, which it would be a crime to cover with foundation; others have eyes just asking to be dramatised a little; and there are those with interesting planes to the face who could look absolutely stunning, cleverly made-up.

Only the very young or the very extrovert can take heavy, exaggerated make-up. The effect may be striking but it lacks the softness and appeal brought out by more subtle make-up.

The cleverest plan is to use quite a number of cosmetics but only very little of each. The next-to-natural effect achieved by this is flattering and feminine and it shows that you care about your looks without being obsessed with them.

## SKIN FRESHENER AND MOISTURISERS

These are, strictly speaking, skin-care items, not cosmetics, but they are so important to the final effect that they deserve a mention. Skin freshener helps all make-up to "take" better, so always apply it first, either with a piece of cotton-wool or with the fingertips—just a little, all over the face, and allow it to dry thoroughly. Moisturiser comes next and you should always use it unless you are wearing a moisturised foundation. Apply a dot to forehead, cheeks, nose and chin and blend in well with the fingertips.

## FOUNDATION

This comes high on the list of great beautifiers, so high that only those with perfect skins can afford to do without it. A beige shade can tone-down a too-pink or bluey tint to the skin, a hint of pink will give warmth to a too-pale skin. Foundation also evens out imperfections in tone and the result is a wonderfully even, creamy look.

Choosing correctly can be tricky. It depends how much coverage you need. A mid-beige shade is suitable for most complexions, a light beige flatters fair skins, and a deep beige suits olive-toned ones.

It should be used as the name implies, as the base, or foundation, for the rest of your make-up, applied in tiny dots, then stroked lightly and evenly over forehead, nose, cheeks and chin, not forgetting to take it down beneath the jawline, fading it out gradually. The colour should blend in imperceptibly here—if it contrasts with your neck, then you have chosen wrongly. Don't forget, also, to smooth it over the temples and up towards the hairline.

It's worthwhile using a magnifying mirror so that you achieve a really even effect.



## BLUSHER

Has taken the place of rouge, and should follow foundation in your scheme of things, slicked lightly, if in stick form, along the cheekbones, from beneath the pupil of each eye towards the temples—otherwise, if in cream form, stroked on with the fingertips. It looks very much more natural than the old-style rouge, without the highly coloured or Dutch-doll effect which this used to give. The coral and rather tawny shades have proved to be the most flattering to the majority. If you use blusher from a compact, stroke it on over your face powder with a powder brush.



## LOOSE POWDER

Goes on next. After years of being out of fashion's favour, it has made a big come-back because of the flattering softness of the new translucent powders which give a super semi-sheer, semi-matt and very natural finish to your make-up. Take care to choose one that will not darken or lighten the colour of your base, or try one of the neutral shades available which "set" your foundation whilst allowing its colour to show through. Yardley's Face Finish is excellent for this—from their Pretty Goods range, it is an efficient "no colour" setting powder giving a fine matt finish. Or, if you prefer a tinted powder, their new shade called, simply, Beige, is one that will suit most skins.

A swansdown puff is unsurpassed for fluffing on powder. Pressing the powder on lightly will help it stay put for hours. Apply very gently beneath the eyes, because the skin there is delicate and easily stretched, and too much under-eye powder will only settle in tiny lines and emphasise them. Brush away surplus with a soft complexion brush, working downwards.

## EYE-SHADOW

If you are using the cream kind, this goes on before powdering, the other types after powdering.

If you're feeling ambitious, you can have fun with the new multi-colour eye-shadows which come in compact or palette form, painting a variety of shades, or different shades of the same colour on to the lids, the browbone, at the outer corners of the eye, and even below it. But these are really party tricks and two colours are enough for daywear—the deeper one on the lid and the lighter one between the lid and the eyebrow.

For those unused to eye-shadow, cream ones in stick form or eye-shiners which come in a tube, are easiest to use and can give the most subtle look. Smokey grey, soft blue, green and brown are among the most wearable shades. The colour should be concentrated at the centre of the eye-lids and faded up towards the brow.



## EYE-LINER

Can be dramatic or subdued—whichever suits you! On the whole, eyes look best with eye-liner used only on the top lids. It can be pastel, black or brown and a fine line of it should be drawn as close to the lashes as possible then "smudged" with a fingertip to soften the line.

## MASCARA

Goes on last, preferably on top of powdered lashes which help it to cling. The black kind is easy to apply and brown or brownish-black, or even navy-blue, is much more flattering than black, which is hard in its effect. Points to remember are to use a brush barely moistened with warm water . . . apply mascara on top of the lashes first, then tilt your head back while you brush from underneath; and to give them two thin coats rather than one thick, heavy coat.

## LIPSTICK

If correctly chosen, this should intensify the colour of your eyes. As a guide, the darker the colour of your hair and eyes the brighter the shade of lipstick you can take, and those with a hint of blue in their skin look better with the pale cerise, true rose and cyclamen shades, while the creamy skins need coral and peachy shades. Remember that pearly lipsticks give less coverage than cream formula lipsticks. Some lipsticks have a habit of coming off on your teeth or of disappearing altogether after a few hours or following a meal. Two which have real staying power are Lenthéric lipsticks and Pond's Angel Face.



# A cook's tour. Your guide

When you buy lamb, you should look for fullness, light pink meat, a narrow border of firm white fat, and very little bone, which should be tinged faint purple.

It's one sure way to get the best young lamb. The other way is just as sure. Look for the

New Zealand Lamb brand mark.

New Zealand Lamb is, on average, just 3-4 months old. So it's always dependable, always delicious.

We've shown each of the six principal cuts below, along with an illustration of the most

## Best end.

Can be roasted whole for a family meal (carve between alternate rib bones) or served as individual lamb cutlets, as shown in our picture.



## Neck.

Usually sold ready cut for stews, hot-pots, and casseroles, which take far less time with lamb than with beef. Illustrated is a Spring Vegetable stew.



## Shoulder.

Preferred by some people to Leg for flavour. Usually roasted whole, but may also be boned by the butcher and rolled for roasting.

Its meat is also excellent for things like kebabs.

Our picture shows the traditional way of serving New Zealand lamb - roasted.





# to New Zealand Lamb.

popular ways of serving them.

We're doing this to help you make the most of New Zealand Lamb and of the family meat budget, since New Zealand Lamb is always available at your butcher's, and always an economical buy.

If you'd like to know more about New Zealand Lamb, and try out some of our ideas for yourself, write to the New Zealand Lamb Information Bureau, Dept. Y1, Williams House, Eastbourne Terrace, London, W.2. 6LD. for a copy of our free Cookery Book.

## Loin.

Chops come from the Loin. The larger chops come from the chump end.

Loin chops and chump chops can be served in a variety of grills, or fried like the Loin chops in our picture.

Loin may also be roasted or braised whole.



## Leg.

Number one choice for Sunday Dinner, roasted as in our picture.

Leg can also be divided into shank and fillet.

The plump fillet end can be roasted, or grilled or fried in slices or cubes, and the shank makes marvellous stews and casseroles.



## Breast of lamb.

Makes very economical stews and casseroles, or may be roasted whole, rolled and stuffed, as in our picture, for a delightful mid-week meal.







"Why do you have to go round looking like a tramp all day? You could put on a clean pullover for a start . . ."

This nostalgic story by Elizabeth Peters  
is told from the masculine point of view

# Return to Marasands

Ian had never gone back before—not since that last summer, when Tessa came briefly, unforgettably into his life

IT'S STRANGE how, when ill, one retreats so easily into childhood. It must, I suppose, be something in the atmosphere of the sickroom; the snug, warm, softly-lit hush of it; the pervasive, coal-tar smell of it.

I got 'flu, and thinking I was tough, neglected it and became quite ill with pneumonia. I'd never been really ill before, and, being a scientist, observed my symptoms with considerable interest—until, that is, I became too weak to do so.

Then, in the dark night hours, exhausted, sweating, unable to sleep, I sought refuge in remembering the days when I was a boy. Summer days, in particular, when the sky was always blue, and the sea warm and inviting, and there was so much to do, and none of it mattered; a land for lotus-eaters.

So when, ostensibly recovered, but abysmally weak, I was told to go off for a couple of weeks to recuperate, the one place that came to my mind was Marasands, where I had gone so often as a boy.

I'd never gone back since that last summer, when I was just sixteen. That was the year Tessa came to Marasands. My parents and I had gone there, year after year, in mid-September. It was their holiday, really, their fortnight of golf. I went with them because they didn't know what else to do with me—my school having inconveniently long holidays.

There were seldom any other children at the hotel—it was very much a golfers' paradise—but that didn't worry me at all. I was a solemn, clever, self-sufficient boy, hopeless at ball-games, but perfectly content to mess about on the beach, or among the rocks, and anyway there was always my precious boat. It was a ten foot dinghy I'd made from a kit, and I was very, very proud of it.

I was still thinking of that first boat of mine as I drove the last few, familiar miles along the coast road. I'd taken the journey

quietly, stopping overnight on the way, but I was still feeling pretty weak with the strain of driving. The sight of the sea, stretching for endless miles to the grey horizon, brought back all that old excitement that I'd known as a boy.

I stopped the car on top of the hill that winds down to Marasands. Outside, a cold wind along the cliffs was gusting over the tortured thorn hedgerow. Down below, dust clouds of silver sand were racing over the beach. I could almost feel the stinging, pricking smart of it on bare legs. No wonder few families with young children went there; the sand was too soft for digging, and there were no beach huts, no cafés, no ice-cream stalls. Nothing but sea, sky, and sand-dunes, hummocked and hollowed by the wind.

Drops of rain began to fall as I drove down to the hotel. Already, I was beginning to regret the sentimental impulse that had brought me back, but it was too late to change my mind. I decided to book in for a few days, and see how things went. The melancholy atmosphere, the pervading grey-ness of fine mist and lowering cloud, hardly seemed the right tonic for a semi-invalid.

It was with considerable relief that I found the Robinsons still owned the hotel. They even remembered me, or pretended to. Either way, it was gratifying to be taken into their sitting-room, given a drink, warmed, fussed over, and thoroughly questioned.

"How're your parents then, Mr. Crossley?" said Jimmy. "All well, I hope?"

I stretched out my legs to the blazing fire. "Fit and well," I said. "They're in the States, visiting my uncle and his family. And what's this Mr. Crossley stuff? You always called me Ian. Let's keep it that way."

Amy came bustling in. "They're getting your room ready," she said. "Won't be long. Then you can have a rest. You look done in. Whatever have you been doing with yourself, Mr. Crossley?"

She continued to call me this for the rest of my stay, and nothing I said made any difference. Nevertheless, she treated me, as she always had done, with a mixture of sympathy and amazement. I was still too thin, too serious, too quiet. I'm sure she used to think I was a deprived child because I was left so much on my own. She could never understand that I liked pottering about, collecting shells, and pebbles, and seaweed, classifying them, and arranging then rearranging them. The fact that I now did much the same thing for a living would've amazed her even more.

SO, FOR two days, I let go, and allowed Amy to feed me up, send me out for gentle walks, make me put my feet up for what she called a nice rest.

It was during one of these enforced sessions by the fire that I brought up the subject of Tessa.

"Oh yes," she said, "Dr. Cooper's still got the practice in Levington. Comes over for his game of golf every weekend. You remember young Tessa? Well, of course, you do. What am I saying!" She was giving me what they call an old-fashioned look. I wondered how much she knew of that last day.

"What about her?" I asked.

Amy smiled, her mild, round face creasing up like a Bath bun. "You would hardly know her now. Real young lady, she is. They sent her to one of those finishing schools in London, where they learn high-class cookery, and flower arranging, and all that. Done very well, they say."

"Doesn't sound like Tessa." I took out my pipe, and began filling it. I was remembering the Tessa I knew, all long, untidy brown hair, and long, awkward, brown legs.

I could hear her mother say, "For goodness' sake, brush your hair, or do something, Tessa. Why do you have to go round looking

*Continued overleaf*



## RETURN TO MARASANDS

*Continued*

like a tramp all day? You could put a clean pullover on for a start." And then to me, "Can't you do something with her, Ian? She'll listen to you." And Tessa and I would exchange surreptitious winks, and slide away.

When my parents came back in from their first round of golf of the holiday that September, and said they'd met the new doctor and his wife, and how they had a daughter who was also home from school, and wouldn't it be nice if we met, my solitary heart sank. To be lumbered with anyone was bad enough, but a girl! It was the ultimate horror.

In actual fact, I knew very little about girls. From what I'd seen of other chaps' sisters they were silly, giggly creatures with no decent interests, but with an appalling ability to make one look foolish. I'd only recently climbed out of the morass of adolescence with its spots and cracking voice. The prospect of having to share my holiday with one of these creatures filled me with dread.

In spite of all my protests, we were eventually produced, introduced and left to make friends. There was an initial period of mutual loathing, followed by toleration, acceptance and finally complete capitulation.

The truth was that Tessa wasn't a bit like a girl—and that, in my eyes, was the highest compliment I could pay her. To begin with, she was a splendid audience. She would sit for hours, like the boy Raleigh, arms clasped round her knees, listening intently while I expounded on marine biology, or the local geology, or lectured her on tidal constants or useful knots for sailors.

I was, of course, an insufferable prig, but that was largely due to shyness. I was painfully, desperately, paralytically shy. And Tessa, with her, "Oh, Ian, you are clever!" did wonders for my faltering ego.

It seemed, that year, that the days were endlessly fine, the sky always blue, the sea tolerably warm. We swam, sailed my boat, went on expeditions on borrowed bicycles, or just lay in a hollow in the dunes, doing absolutely nothing. When she wasn't there, I missed her, and waited quite impatiently for the sound of her feet, and her breathless voice saying, "Here I am!" as if she realised I couldn't start any project without her.

Up till then, I'd cared for no human, except my parents, as much as I'd cared for dumb animals, and plants, and suchlike undemanding objects. Tessa seemed, in her bouncy enthusiasm and simple devotion, like a young colt or an affectionate puppy. Through her, and without her ever realising it, I became a much nicer person. Heaven only knows what a dry, dedicated introvert I might have become, if I hadn't met her at that crucial time of my life.

**I** AWOKED to the sound of rattling tea cups. Amy set a tray by my side.

"There now, you've had a nice forty winks. Fell asleep while I was chattering, I do believe. And dropped your pipe, I see. Oh well, you'll be all the better for it, I don't wonder. Now, make a good tea, Mr. Crossley. I can't stop. We've two lots of guests coming for the weekend."

People were arriving as I went through the hall after tea. I didn't feel much like making polite conversation, so I set out for a stroll before dinner.

I took the path across the golf course, deserted this early in the year except for

*Continued on page 54*

## EVERYDAY COOKERY

# FISH



# FORUM

How best to cook it, how to serve it to its tastiest advantage—good plain fish is so adaptable, yet so often it is the more usual method of cooking it which requires that little extra thought

### FRIED FISH AND CHIPS

*Serves 4*

To have fish and chips both ready at the same time, the order in which they are cooked is most important. First, partially cook the chips and drain them, then while the fat is re-heating make the batter for the fish. Re-fry the chips until they are crisp, then coat and fry the fish.

4 pieces of skate weighing about 1½ lb. in all  
A little plain flour seasoned with salt and pepper

1½ lb. peeled potatoes Salt

Deep fat to come halfway up the deep fat fryer

*For the batter*

8 oz. plain flour

A good pinch of salt

2 tablespoonfuls cooking oil

½ pt. water

1 level teaspoonful baking powder

Cut the potatoes into chips and dry them thoroughly in a tea towel or kitchen paper—if there is any moisture left on the chips when they are put into the fat it will splutter and also cause it to lose its heat. Put the chips into the deep fat basket.

Heat the fat to about 380 degrees—if you have no fat thermometer, test it by dropping a small cube of white bread into the fat—it should brown in a minute. Lower the chips gently into the fat; it will froth up at first so lower the basket to the base only when the bubbles have subsided. Cook the chips over a moderate heat for about five minutes, shaking the basket occasionally to

prevent the chips sticking together—by this time the chips should still be pale in colour but cooked to the centre. Lift the basket out of the fat and stand it on a plate to catch the drips.

Next make the batter. Sift the flour and salt into a bowl. Make a hollow in the centre, and pour in the oil then, stirring gently from the centre, work the oil into the flour gradually adding the water at the same time. Mix the batter until it is smooth, then beat it very thoroughly. Beat the baking powder into the batter just before it is used.

Reheat the fat, lower the chips into it and fry them until golden brown. Lift the basket out of the fat, drain the chips for a few seconds, then turn them on to draining paper to remove excess fat. Finally turn the chips on to a serving plate and sprinkle them with salt. Keep the chips warm while cooking the fish.

Now fry the fish. Heat the fat to about 375 degrees. Put the seasoned flour on to a plate and coat each piece of skate, then dip the skate into the batter and coat it completely. Drain the fish over the batter for a few seconds to remove the drips, then lower it into the deep fat—do not use the basket as the fish batter tends to stick to the wire. Fry the fish, one piece at a time, for about five minutes on each side. When they are cooked, lift the fish out of the fat and drain it on kitchen paper.

**Note.** When the deep fat has cooled, pour it through a METAL strainer, lined with a piece of kitchen paper to clear it. Then store the fat in a jar remembering to mark it "Fish" for future use.

*Continued overleaf*







## RASHERS

Danish rashers live up to so many dishes – breakfast is only the beginning. Keep some handy for quick-to-cook lunches or satisfying suppers. Danish adds the big taste anytime.



## JOINTS

Try a roast Danish joint, crisp and crackly, with redcurrant jelly. Or cold gammon salad – delicious for slimmers. Danish gammon's always lean, and fresh as a lettuce! What could be tastier?



## STEAKS

How to feed the family on steaks without spending a fortune? Choose gammon steaks – Danish, of course. They've got the big taste you expect of a steak. But not the price tag.



## YES!

Danish is the bacon to ask for. The one that never lets you down. Comes up fresh with the same big taste whenever, wherever you eat it. Make sure you see the Danish stripmark every time you buy.

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Know your **DANISH**



He looked down at her, and she recognised the expression in his eyes, the mixture of challenge and amusement.



## HOW THE STORY BEGAN

When civil engineer ROSS LORIMER came home after ten years to the Scottish fishing village of Portbride, he met again the JOHNSON family. HUGH, his daughter, MAEVE, an old girl-friend of Ross's, and her half-sister, SALLY, who, at eleven, had hero-worshipped him. A lot had happened in his absence. His distant relative, MISS WALLACE, had died and her beautiful old house, Winterston, had been sold by him to the government who were planning to build a tanker depot on the site. It was this plan that had brought Ross back home. He found that Maeve had married an Irishman, FERGUS, but was living with her father and his sister, JESSIE. And Sally had been involved in a car crash which killed her mother and left Sally with a scarred face and a desire to shun the world. Ross was determined to make her stop hiding away from life. He forced her to travel in a car, the first time since the accident, and introduced her to MIKE SEARLE, his deputy site manager. Mike took an instant liking to Sally and she was soon involved in his yacht-racing activities. Sally was with Ross when they met MIRIAM HUNTER, wife of one of his business colleagues. She told him, pointedly, that her recently widowed niece, LYDIA WOODS, was coming to stay.

Maeve was unable to have a child and had parted from Fergus because he refused to adopt one. Sally decided to arrange a family

trip to Ireland so that Fergus and Maeve would meet. Ross went too, and when Fergus saw his wife in Ross's company, he reacted jealously and insisted that Maeve come home with him.

Winterston was reprieved by the actions of CRAIG DAWSON, a local architect. Ross and Mike were furious over this as they considered the old house unsafe. Sally disliked Lydia when they met. The other girl told her that she and Ross had once been in love, and now there was no obstacle to their marriage. Sally admitted to herself that Ross still fascinated her, but she was convinced love meant nothing to him, that he lived only for the present. Ross told her he was about to start the final demolition of Winterston House, after all, because part of it had collapsed, injuring two men, one of them Mike. Together Ross and Sally explored an old cottage on the cliffs and Sally wondered sadly if he was planning to live there with Lydia. Sally visited Mike regularly in hospital and it soon became obvious that people were misconstruing her concern for love. Mike particularly asked to see Ross, and on the evening of his visit, Sally met Miriam who told her Lydia had gone to Edinburgh. Sally had no doubt that Ross would follow and tried to put the thought out of her mind. But her heart would keep remembering . . .

*The story now continues*

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## CONCLUDING CHAPTERS OF FLORA KIDD'S HEARTWARMING SCOTTISH FAMILY NOVEL

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# MY HEART REMEMBERS

"I don't like saying goodbye. To have to say it twice is asking too much of anyone."

Strange words from the independent, freedom-loving Ross Lorimer.

Perhaps it was then that Sally began to hope she could change the shape of destiny . . .

SALLY VISITED Mike in hospital again on the Friday night. He was in good spirits, full of stories about the nurses who attended him, and about his fellow patients. He had little to say about Ross's visit the previous evening, but plenty to say about the impending visit of his mother who was arriving in Ayr the next day.

"I'd love you to meet her," he said. "You've been so good to me while I've been in here, and you were such a good companion before. I told her about you when I was home last."

"I'll come if you really want me to," said Sally reluctantly.

"I want her to get to know you and find out, as I have, that you are the sweetest, kindest girl I have ever known, and that I . . ."

"Stop," cried Sally.

"Why?" Mike's eyes were innocent.

"I don't want you to say it, because it isn't true. And I don't want to hurt your feelings by saying I'm not in love with you."

He had been holding her hand, and when she finished speaking, his hand relaxed, and no longer held hers tightly. She looked up in alarm. His eyes were closed.

"Mike, I'm sorry. I'd give anything not to hurt you, but I have to be honest."

His long eyelashes quivered slightly and so did the corner of his mouth, and she realised suddenly that he was laughing. Slowly he opened his eyes. They gleamed with merriment.

"You are quite delightful, and I love you: not in the way you mean, but for your honesty. I'm glad you're not in love with me because that wasn't in the plan at all." He stopped abruptly and bit his lower lip.

"What plan?" asked Sally suspiciously. He frowned and didn't look at her. "Now I've said too much, and I can't think of any way of not telling the truth."

"Then tell the truth."

His eyes were very serious, unusually so. "All right. Ross thought it would be good for you if someone of the opposite sex took an interest in you, made you feel as if your scar didn't matter, brought you out of yourself, restored your self-confidence. I suppose you represented something of a challenge to him. As a piece of psychotherapy it worked. It helped him, too, because one of his problems has always been me." Mike's mouth twisted with self-mockery. "You see, I always manage to get myself too involved with too many girls. Having you around to entertain kept me on the straight and narrow. Only one thing

*Continued overleaf*

worried me: I was afraid you might get too fond of me. Very conceited of me, I know. But I didn't want to hurt you, and I knew very well that I wasn't ready to settle down. That's all. I'm sorry."

It was true after all. Ross had deliberately pushed Mike at her. "There's no need to be sorry. You have helped me, Mike."

"I suppose I have. It worked up to a point, didn't it? Until Ross went away, in fact."

Sally said, "I suppose when he left you felt you didn't have to do what he said any more. That's understandable."

"I like that!" exploded Mike. "I did my best, but even the best intentioned person finds it rather dampening to talk to a girl who isn't listening, who is obviously thinking of someone else."

Sally looked up sharply. "Was I like that?"

"I tried making love to you, and it was like kissing empty space. And I'd like to know why? Who is it who occupies your thoughts so much, Sally?"

"No one," she lied desperately and received a sceptical grimace.

"Expect me to believe that? All right. I'll let you off, but I have a feeling that whoever it is is the reason for you wanting to be sophisticated and worldly—like Lydia."

HER INITIAL reaction to Mike's confession was anger. If Ross had been around when she left Mike that evening, she would have told him what she thought of him. She would have told him he was an arrogant, domineering, interfering bully, who thought he could organise other people's lives in the same way that he organised the work on his wretched site. He had come back to Portbride, had noticed her damaged face and shocked state, and had decided he knew exactly what to do to cure her. And he had done it not out of the kindness of his heart, not because he was sorry for her, not because he liked her . . . but because she presented a challenge.

But he wasn't around, and she could only wait at the bus stop in the mellow, golden light of a September evening, inwardly fuming. And then gradually her anger evaporated, as her thoughts stumbled against Mike's observation that the remedy had worked until Ross left Portbride.

Why should the remedy fail when Ross left? The answer was clear and unavoidable. The remedy had been Ross, himself, aggravating and unpredictable. Aloof one minute, charming the heart out of her the next. From the moment of his arrival in Portbride, he had shaken her out of her escapist rut. Although they hadn't met often, each meeting had stimulated her, bringing her step by step out of the shell into which she had retreated after the car crash.

The admittance of the fact that Ross was important to her brought relief. Growing up is a painful business, and Sally reckoned that, in learning to accept the fact that she loved Ross, she reached adulthood. Her love brought pain, as she had known it would. Ross would go away again, and as far as she could see there wasn't anything she could do about it.

THE MEETING at the weekend with Mike's mother went off pleasantly. Mrs. Searle had decided to stay in Ayr until Wednesday, so there was no need

Continued overleaf

# THE GENERATION GAP

. . . can be bridged if the enthusiasms of youth are remembered and, with a little understanding, each new generation can even be enjoyed

KATIE, my hosts' daughter, was going to a dance and went off to dress for it after dinner.

When she joined us again, in the living-room, where we were round the card-table, she was ready for the winter's evening. Only a peep of small, pale face, with eyes made enormous by make-up, a jangle of bracelets and a glimpse of trousered ankles proved there was a girl inside the long, hooded shaggy coat which enveloped her. Had a team of huskies and a flurry of Alaskan blizzard come through the door with her it would have seemed quite suitable.

Perhaps her parents and I were more used to the changing fashions in youthful "gear" than Katie's aunt, who had come from her remote, country fastness the previous day on her annual visit to her sister. Widowed and childless, she is something of a die-hard. Like many of her age, she finds little that is pleasing in our present times, and everything pleasing in the past, which she views through the wrong end of the telescope and so misses all its unpleasant detail.

In her "decent black", her brocaded bridge-coat, and wearing a small string of real pearls, she stopped shuffling the cards when Katie reappeared and stared at the girl in frank disapproval. A stare which Katie did not at first notice, intent on her own affairs. Could she have the car keys, she asked her father, who fished in his pocket and said had David arrived then? Why didn't he come in?

"He telephoned. He was working late and he had to have something to eat and change. So I'm picking him up instead of having him come all this way by bus, to save time."

Her father handed over the car keys and said, "Now you drive carefully."

"I always do," Katie said. "And thank you, darling, for lending us the car. It makes such a difference."

"Have a lovely time," her mother said and Katie said again, "I always do," then smiled at us beautifully and added, "You too."

But her aunt had something to say.

"What kind of a get-up is that? I thought you were going to a dance. In trousers? You look like the Abominable Snowman. That's not real fur, is it?"

"No," Katie said, "But it is super, isn't it? Part of it is your Christmas

present. I put your cheque towards it. Do you like it?"

Her aunt did not like it. She disliked imitations, she said. And this was cheap-looking, shapeless and ugly. "It looks as if you've tacked a few hearthrugs together. And what is that muck on your eyes? Is that supposed to make you more attractive? You girls certainly make sights of yourselves nowadays."

Katie's smile was becoming a little fixed and her mother said hastily, "Isn't it time you were leaving, dear?"

But her aunt had more to say. "That's another thing. The way you make yourselves so cheap. It seems to be you who provide a car and call for a man when he takes you out. Do you pay for the tickets as well? Manners have certainly changed!"

Katie lost her smile and her temper. She said, "They haven't changed all that much, Auntie. It's still considered bad manners to make insulting personal remarks to people!" And she fled, leaving her aunt highly indignant at being "spoken to like that by a child!"

Katie's mother said, "She's not a child. She is eighteen. And you were rather hard on her. You wouldn't have liked it if someone had told you you looked a fright when you were all dressed up, at her age."

"I didn't get myself up like a demented hearthrug!"

## FEATHERS AND PINK TULLE!

THERE WAS a brief silence and then her sister suddenly burst out laughing and said, "Do you remember that dance we went to at the Craven's that Christmas? You had saved up and bought that huge ostrich feather fan and wore a tiered rose-pink tulle dress. And it turned out to be one of the coldest nights in living memory. Snow three feet on the ground and no real heating in that awful barn of a place. And you were sitting there, blue with cold and goose pimples all over you, fanning yourself. You were cut to the bone when Uncle Jack said that you not only looked a fool, you were one, and that if you didn't want to get pneumonia you'd do better to wrap yourself in the feathers. Not fan yourself!"

The elder sister said she did not remember the incident. But she managed a small smile. "Well, we were more vulnerable to our elders. Young people today are so much





more brazen. They think they own the earth. They aren't hurt by our opinion of them. They have no respect for us, and their manners are awful."

"Some are like that. Katie is not. And the majority are like her. Just as silly in their crazes as you and I were. And just as sensitive to criticism and abuse. And as for good manners—not to press a point. Maggie . . . but a good many of their elders are gratuitously rude to the young, for no better reason than their fashions in dress, the music they enjoy and the freedoms and opportunities they have which we longed for and did not have. They should keep their ranting and raving for the hateful things which really matter and which make some of the young intolerable. Not just condemn them all wholesale like you are inclined to do. They would get on better with run-of-the-mill young and, I believe, have little to complain of, if in their dealings with them they had a good memory of their own youth and good manners." Her smile, like her daughter's, took the sting from her words and Maggie, with a small sniff, began to deal the cards.

#### THE MILITARY MAN

I WAS REMINDED of an afternoon last summer when I might have said, but did not say these same things to Maggie's masculine counterpart. I had been walking by the river and stopped in a clearing in the fringing willows to survey the small craft and the field opposite, with its groups of Saturday picnickers. Below me, lingering on the bank, a youth and his girl were inoffensively standing, arms entwined, when along came one of my acquaintances with his dog. A retired military man, he passed the time of day with me, threw a stick into the water for his dog to retrieve and then noticed the pair by the bank. "These long-haired young thugs," he exclaimed loudly. "You can't get away from them wherever you go." And he developed this theme, outraged by the boy's flowered shirt, his flowing locks and the rather colourful trousers. The girl fared no better. "Going around half naked!" I said, "Ssh, they can hear you."

"Good thing if they do," said the Major. And called to his dog, who, emerging in that narrow clearing, shook himself and splashed the boy. Brushing his fine purple pants he and his companion came past us, and said angrily as he passed, "You might control your dog when there are people about." I thought the Major would have a stroke. And as the two went on their way he said loudly, "Impudent young oaf! Do him good to have a wash. Probably the only one he'll get."

Do you think these two excerpts from conversations are incredible? Or even unusual? I could retail many such.

And I believe my hostess of the other evening made a very good point. I should have reminded the Major of the absurd Oxford bags he so proudly wore when he was on leave, when he was young, or of the long hair, the silks and velvets, the feathers and furbelows and lace worn by his fighting ancestors who sided with King Charles. And I might have pointed out his gratuitous insults to those inoffensive young people.

He and his kind, of the older generation, cannot beat the young and cannot join them. They never have been able to do either since time began. But if they reserve their hatred for the things worth hating and meet the young with a good memory of their own youth, and good manners, they may find co-existence not only possible, but rewarding.

## MY HEART REMEMBERS

Continued

for Sally to visit Mike on Monday and Tuesday, but she promised to go in on Wednesday evening.

When she saw the rain sheeting down that afternoon she wished she had not committed herself, but the thought of Mike waiting spurred her on, and she caught the bus to Ayr.

Mike looked much better, and he did most of the talking. His mother had extended an invitation to Sally to visit her when she was in London.

"I'm hoping I'll be convalescing by then," said Mike. "We'll have a whale of a time—something to remember when we return to Portbride."

He was holding her hand as usual, but as he squeezed it the smile on his face seemed to freeze.

"Don't look now, but I've a feeling we're being watched," he warned in sepulchral tones, and as Sally twisted in her chair to see who was watching them he added, "Hello, Ross. I wasn't expecting to see you tonight."

Sally tried to remove her hand from Mike's grasp, but he did not seem disposed to release it. Ross stood on the opposite side of the bed and looked down at Mike.

"I've some news for you. I thought you might be interested to know that Dawson has gone, conveniently transferred to another local authority at his own request. Consequently he's ducked the responsibility of the accident at the site."

"Well, the—" began Mike, stopping abruptly as he remembered Sally.

She took the opportunity to free her hand and to stand up. "I'll go now."

"There's no need" interposed Mike swiftly. "Ross doesn't mind..."

"If you'd like to wait downstairs I'll take you back to Portbride, Sally," offered Ross coolly, making it quite clear that he expected her to leave while he was talking to Mike.

"No, thank you, I'll catch the first bus. Good night, Mike."

"Good night, Sally. Thanks for coming. Come again tomorrow, won't you? We've a lot to plan for October, haven't we?"

His voice trailed away on a suggestive note, and she glanced at him in surprise.

"You've forgotten something," he said.

"What is that?" she queried.

"My goodnight kiss."

"You can make do without it tonight," suggested Ross smoothly. "Sally is a bit shy of demonstrating in front of others."

Suddenly hating both of them, Sally bent and kissed Mike briefly, glared at Ross and stalked out of the ward.

**T**HE RAIN soon cooled her anger. During the short walk between the hospital and the bus shelter she became drenched. There was no one in the shelter and after waiting for a few minutes it dawned on her that she had missed the bus she had hoped to catch. Cold, damp and hungry she began to wish she had waited for Ross.

A car swooshed past, sending up a spray of water, and she was glad she was wearing high boots. Another car came more slowly and stopped. The nearside door opened, Ross looked out and said crisply, "Like a lift? I know I risk being refused a fourth time, but it's a risk I'm willing to take. You look like a drowned kitten."

Sally swallowed her pride, ignored his taunt and moved forward. He slid back

Continued overleaf

# All in One

this smart little dress looks like a skirt and jersey—but it's all done to deceive! For it's an all-in-one outfit that will stay neat and tidy all day long

## Instructions in 3 sizes

**MATERIALS:** Four ounces of Patons Ninepin in main colour and three ounces in a contrast colour for the 20-inch and 22-inch chest sizes; five ounces in main and three ounces in contrast for the 24-inch chest size. For any one size; a pair each of No. 9 and No. 10 knitting needles; 2 buttons.

**Tension:** Work at a tension of 6 stitches and 8 rows to 1 inch, over the stocking stitch, using No. 9 needles, to obtain the measurements given below right.

**ABBREVIATIONS:** To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; inc., increase (by working twice into same st.); dec., decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); single rib is k. 1 and p. 1 alternately; s.s., stocking st. (k. on the right side and p. on the wrong side); m., main colour; c., contrast colour.

**Note:** The instructions are given for the 20-inch chest size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 22-inch chest size; work the figures within the second brackets for the 24-inch chest size.

**THE BACK:** With No. 9 needles and m., cast on 84 (90) (96) sts. and s.s. 7 rows.

Next row: All k. to mark hem line.

S.s. 8 rows.

**To shape side edges:** Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and every following 8th (10th) (12th) row until 5 dec. rows have been completed.

On 74 (80) (86) sts., s.s. a further 9 (5) (1) row(s). \*\*

Now work 6 rows in single rib for waist, leave m. hanging.

Join in c. and work the striped sequence for bodice as follows:

With c., s.s. 6 rows, decreasing 1 st. at each end of the 1st row, leave c. hanging.

With m., s.s. 2 rows.

\*\*\* Maintaining continuity of the stripe sequence of 6 rows c. and 2 rows m., work 9 (23) (29) rows, decreasing 1 st. at each end of the 1st (3rd) (5th) of these rows and each following 8th (10th) (12th) row.

On 68 (72) (78) sts., work 15 (5) (3) rows straight.

**To shape the armholes:** Maintaining continuity of the striped sequence, cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and following 3 (4) (5) right-side rows—52 (54) (58) sts. \*\*\*

Now divide sts. for back opening: Next row: P. 24 (25) (27) and leave these sts. on a spare needle for the left half back, pattern to end and work on these 28 (29) (31) sts for the right half back.

**The right half back:** 1st row: All k.

2nd row: K. 4, for overlap, p. to end.

Repeat the last 2 rows 9 (10) (11) times.

\*\*\*\* **To slope the shoulder:** Cast off 7 (8) (9) sts at the beginning of the next row and 8 (8) (9) sts. at the beginning of the following alternate row.

On 13 sts., work 1 row. Leave sts. on a safety-pin.

**The left half back:** 1st row: With right side of work facing, rejoin yarn to inner end of sts. left on spare needle, cast on 4 sts. for underlap, then k. to end.

2nd row: P. until 4 sts. remain, k. 4 for underlap.

3rd row: All k.

Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows 9 (10) (11) times more.

Now work as given for right half back from \*\*\*\* to end.

**THE FRONT:** Work as given for back until \*\* is reached, then continue as follows:

1st row: Beginning with a k. st., rib 18 (20) (22), k. 38 (40) (42), beginning with a k. st., rib 18 (20) (22).

2nd row: Rib 18 (20) (22), p. 38 (40) (42), rib 18 (20) (22).

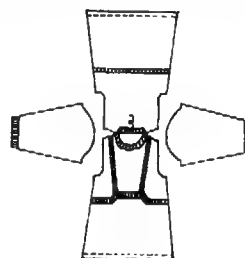
3rd row: Rib 20 (22) (24), k. 34 (36) (38), rib 20 (22) (24).

4th row: Rib 20 (22) (24), p. 34 (36) (38), rib 20 (22) (24).

5th row: Rib 22 (24) (26), k. 30 (32) (34), rib 22 (24) (26).

6th row: Rib 22 (24) (26), p. 30 (32) (34), rib 22 (24) (26). Break off m., then join in c.

7th row: With c., dec., k. 16 (18) (20), rejoin m., with m., rib 38 (40) (42), join in



## MEASUREMENTS

in inches

Chest size	20	22	24
All round at underarms	22½	24	26
Side seam	11	12	13
Length	15½	16½	18½
Sleeve seam	9½	9½	10½





Colours we like are coral and white, wine and cream, royal blue and sky blue, navy and carnation pink, and black and sunshine yellow.

another ball of c. and with c., k. 16 (18) (20), dec.

8th row: With c., p. 17 (19) (21), with m., rib 38 (40) (42), with c., p. 17 (19) (21).

9th row: With c., k. 19 (21) (23), with m., rib 34 (36) (38), with c., k. 19 (21) (23).

10th row: With c., p. 19 (21) (23), with m., rib 34 (36) (38), with c., p. 19 (21) (23).

11th row: With c., k. 21 (23) (25), with m., rib 30 (32) (34), with c., k. 21 (23) (25).

12th row: With c., p. 21 (23) (25), with m., rib 30 (32) (34), break off m., with c., p. 21 (23) (25). Rejoin m.

13th row: With m., k. 21 (23) (25), slip the next 6 sts. on to a safety-pin for 1st strap and leave them at front of work, turn, cast on 6 sts., turn, k. 18 (20) (22), slip next 6 sts. on to a safety-pin for 2nd strap; turn, cast on 6 sts., turn, k. 21 (23) (25).

14th row: With m., all p.

Now work as given for back from \*\*\* to \*\*\*.

On 52 (54) (58) sts., maintaining continuity of the striped sequence, s.s. 14 (16) (18) rows.

Now divide sts. for front neck: Next row: P. 19 (20) (22) and leave these sts. on a spare needle until required for right front shoulder, p. the next 14 sts. and leave these on a stitch-holder for neck band, p. to end and work on these 19 (20) (22) sts. for the left front shoulder.

**The left front shoulder:** To shape the neck: Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on each of the next 4 rows.

On 15 (16) (18) sts., work 2 rows.

**To slope the shoulder:** Cast off 7 (8) (9) sts. at the beginning of the next row and 8 (8) (9) sts. at the beginning of the following alternate row. Fasten off.

**The right front shoulder:** With right side of work facing, rejoin yarn to inner edge of 19 (20) (22) sts. left on spare needle and k. to end of row.

Now work as given for the left front shoulder to end.

**THE STRAPS (both alike):** With right side of front facing and using No. 9 needles and m., rib across the 6 sts. of one strap, then continue in single rib until strap is long enough when slightly stretched to fit up front bodice to top of shoulder. Cast off.

**THE SLEEVES (both alike):** With No. 10 needles and m., cast on 40 (42) (44) sts. and work 10 rows in single rib, leave m. hanging.

Change to No. 9 needles; join in c. and with c., s.s. 6 rows. Leave c. hanging.

With m., s.s. 2 rows.

Maintaining continuity of the stripe sequence, inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row and every following 6th row until 6 (7) (8) inc. rows have been completed.

On 52 (56) (60) sts., s.s. 25 (23) (21) rows.

**To shape the sleeve top:** Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and the following 4 (5) (6) right-side rows.

On 34 (36) (38) sts., work 1 row, then cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 6 rows. Cast off the remaining 16 (18) (20) sts.

**THE NECK BAND:** First join shoulder seams, taking the front straps into the seams, then with right side of work facing and using No. 10 needles and m., rejoin yarn at top of left half back, k. across the 13 sts. left on safety-pin, pick up and k. 12 sts. down left front neck edge, k. across the 14 sts. on stitch-holder at centre front, pick up and k. 12 sts. up right front neck edge and finally k. across the 13 sts. on safety-pin at right half back.

On 64 sts., work as follows:

1st row: K. 4, \* k. 1, p. 1; repeat from \* until 4 sts. remain, k. 4.

Repeat this row 5 times more. Cast off.

**TO MAKE UP THE DRESS:** Press work lightly on the wrong side, using a cool iron over a dry cloth and with a thick blanket underneath. Set in sleeves, then join sleeve and side seams. Make 2 buttonholes along garter st. overlap on right half back, by inserting a knitting needle into a st. and oversewing round the edges. Sew down underlap behind overlap. Turn up hem at marked hem line and slip st. in place on wrong side. Sew on buttons. Press seams. Sew down the cast-on edge behind each strap.

## MY HEART REMEMBERS

Continued

into the driver's seat, and she sat down beside him and closed the door.

"I suggest you take off your raincoat and remove your scarf and boots. You'll feel more comfortable."

She did as he suggested, throwing the raincoat to join his on the back seat. Ross turned on the heater, saying as he did so, "Sit back and relax, you'll soon feel drier and warmer. Are you hungry?"

"Yes. I didn't have time for anything in the waiting-room tonight."

"All for Mike," he commented. "I wonder if he realises how lucky he is?"

She sensed a note of censure in his voice as if he disapproved of her sacrificing her mealtime to visit Mike.

"It's the least I can do. He's hurt, and far away from his relatives."

"I thought his mother came at the weekend. Did you meet her?"

"Yes, I did, but—"

"But you're still bent on making yourself a sacrificial animal on his behalf."

"I'm not a sacrificial animal. I don't feel that way at all," she said indignantly. She stopped abruptly and stared miserably out of the window.

"No need to elaborate on how you feel. I can guess," he answered coldly, stopping the car at some traffic lights.

She sighed heavily. He did not look at her nor did he make any comment. He was far away. She couldn't reach him at all.

She noticed with surprise that they had entered Ayr, and that instead of turning left after passing the statue of Robert Burns, they were passing down the main shopping street, past the tall, grey Wallace Tower which loomed over the pavement, an unusual memorial to an unusual hero.

"We're going the wrong way. We should have turned left by the Burns statue," she blurted. Surely Ross knew his way back to Portbride?

"I'm going the way I want to go," he replied calmly as they stopped at more traffic lights. "I'm sorry if it isn't agreeable to you."

The traffic light changed to green and the car turned right and over a stone bridge which spanned the River Ayr.

"Where are we going?" she demanded.

"We are going to eat. You said you are hungry. I am ravenous, so I thought we'd eat together in a leisurely, comfortable manner. To put it concisely, I'm taking you out to dinner."

"Oh." She ought to be pleased and flattered, but all she could think of was that in her short tartan kilt, sweater, raincoat and high boots, she was hardly dressed for going out to dine.

**T**HEY SKIRTED the airport at Prestwick in a silence disturbed only by the swish of windscreen wipers. The hotel Ross had chosen was well-known. It was almost on the shore, and in front of its walls the unseen sea lapped at a rim of sand. Inside there was warmth, and the type of hushed luxury which is conveyed by thick, fitted carpets, velvet curtains and exotic arrangements of flowers.

In the dining-room, while Ross studied the menu, Sally looked about her with interest. There were several couples dining tête à tête at the candle-lit tables. There was also a group of businessmen talking and eating with gusto. Farther away there was a birthday party being held, judging by the

Continued on page 44

# No Time to Lose

... in making this sweater for your favourite man.

A word of warning though, it's for the more experienced knitter, but worth mastering if you want to earn his undying praise!

A really chunky style for the sportsman

Instructions in 3 sizes

**MATERIALS:** Twelve balls of Wendy Diabolo in a dark colour and five balls in a light colour for the 36-inch chest size; thirteen balls in dark and six balls in light colour for the 38-inch chest size; fifteen balls in dark and eight balls in light colour for the 40-inch chest size. For any one size: a pair each of No. 5 and No. 8 knitting needles; a set of four double-pointed No. 8 knitting needles.

**Tension:** Work at a tension of 4 stitches to 1 inch in width and 12 rows to 2½ inches in depth, over the 2-colour pattern, using No. 5 needles, to obtain the measurements given below right.

**ABBREVIATIONS:** To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; dk., dark; lt., light; single rib is k. 1 and p. 1 alternately; s.s., stocking st. (k. on the right side and p. on the wrong side); dec., decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); inc., increase (by working twice into same st.); sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped st. over.

**Note:** The instructions are given for the 36-inch chest size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 38-inch chest size; work the figures within the second brackets for the 40-inch chest size.

**THE BACK:** With No. 8 needles and dk. cast on 76 (80) (84) sts. and work 8 rows in single rib.

Change to No. 5 needles; join in lt. and work the 38-row 2-colour pattern. This is worked entirely in s.s., beginning with a k. row, so only the colour details are given. It is not necessary in this design to weave the yarns, but care should be taken to avoid drawing the spare colour tightly across the back of the work. When picking up a colour from the previous row, twist this round the colour just used, to avoid a gap.

1st row (right side): 3 dk. (5 dk.) (7 dk.), \* 2 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk., 1 lt., 3 dk.; repeat from \* ending last repeat with 4 dk. (6 dk.) (8 dk.) instead of 3 dk.

2nd row: 4 dk. (6 dk.) (8 dk.), \* 1 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 3 dk.; repeat from \* ending last repeat with 3 dk. (5 dk.) (7 dk.).

3rd row: 4 dk. (6 dk.) (8 dk.), \* 2 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 3 dk., 1 lt., 2 dk.; repeat from

\* ending last repeat with 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.).

4th row: 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.), \* 1 lt., 3 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk.; repeat from \* ending 4 dk. (6 dk.) (8 dk.).

5th row: 5 dk. (7 dk.) (9 dk.), \* 2 lt., 2 dk., 1 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 3 dk.; repeat from \* ending 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.).

6th row: 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.), \* 2 lt., 2 dk., 1 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 3 dk.; repeat from \* ending 5 dk. (7 dk.) (9 dk.).

7th row: 3 dk. (5 dk.) (7 dk.), \* 1 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 3 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk.; repeat from \* ending 3 dk. (5 dk.) (7 dk.).

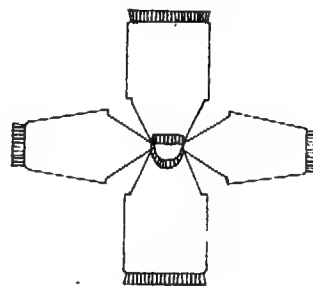
8th row: 3 dk. (5 dk.) (7 dk.), \* 2 lt., 3 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk., 1 lt., 2 dk.; repeat from \* ending 3 dk. (5 dk.) (7 dk.).

9th row: 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.), \* 2 lt., 3 dk., 1 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk.; repeat from \* ending 4 dk. (6 dk.) (8 dk.).

10th row: 4 dk. (6 dk.) (8 dk.), \* 2 lt., 2 dk., 1 lt., 3 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk.; repeat from \* ending 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.).

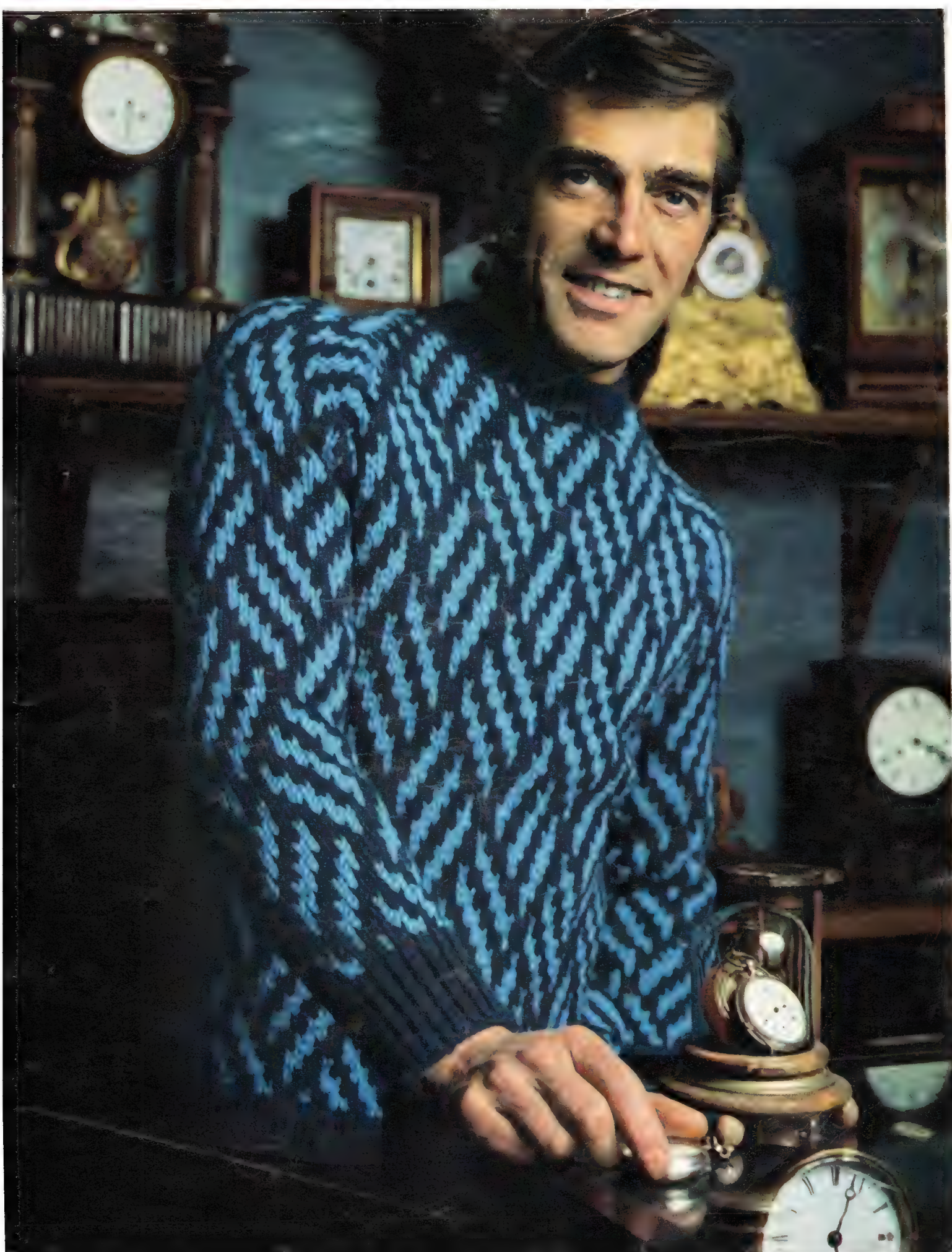
The formation of the pattern can now be seen, so continue, purling the sts. on every wrong-side row in the same colours as the previous right-side row.

Continued overleaf



MEASUREMENTS	in inches		
	36	38	40
Chest size	36	38	40
All round at underarms	38	40	42
Side seam	14	14	14
Length	23½	24	24½
Sleeve seam	18	18	18









Extra thick wool looks well in shades like rust, old gold; burnt chestnut/corn; green oak/evergreen; saxe blue/cream.

### NO TIME TO LOSE: MAN'S SWEATER *Continued*

11th row: 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.), 1 lt., then \* 2 dk., 1 lt., 3 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt.; repeat from \* ending with 1 lt., 2 dk. (1 lt., 4 dk.) (1 lt., 6 dk.) instead of 2 lt.

13th row: 4 dk. (6 dk.) (8 dk.), \* 2 lt., 3 dk., 1 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk.; repeat from \* ending 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.).

15th row: 3 dk. (5 dk.) (7 dk.), \* 2 lt., 2 dk., 1 lt., 3 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk.; repeat from \* ending 3 dk. (5 dk.) (7 dk.).

17th row: 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.), \* 2 lt., 3 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk., 1 lt., 2 dk.; repeat from \* ending 4 dk. (6 dk.) (8 dk.).

19th row: 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.), 1 lt., \* 2 dk., 1 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 3 dk., 2 lt.; repeat from \* ending with 1 lt., 2 dk. (1 lt., 4 dk.) (1 lt., 6 dk.) instead of 2 lt.

21st row: 5 dk. (7 dk.) (9 dk.), \* 2 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk., 1 lt., 3 dk.; repeat from \* ending 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.).

23rd row: 3 dk. (5 dk.) (7 dk.), \* 1 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 3 dk.; repeat from \* ending 4 dk. (6 dk.) (8 dk.).

25th row: 3 dk. (5 dk.) (7 dk.), \* 2 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk., 1 lt., 3 dk.; repeat from \* ending 4 dk. (6 dk.) (8 dk.).

27th row: 4 dk. (6 dk.) (8 dk.), \* 2 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 3 dk., 1 lt., 2 dk.; repeat from \* ending 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.).

29th row: 5 dk. (7 dk.) (9 dk.), \* 2 lt., 2 dk., 1 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 3 dk.; repeat from \* ending 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.).

31st row: 3 dk. (5 dk.) (7 dk.), \* 1 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 3 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk.; repeat from \* ending 3 dk. (5 dk.) (7 dk.).

33rd row: 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.), \* 2 lt., 3 dk., 1 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk.; repeat from \* ending 4 dk. (6 dk.) (8 dk.).

35th row: 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.), 1 lt., \* 2 dk., 1 lt., 3 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt.; repeat from \* ending with 1 lt., 2 dk. (1 lt., 4 dk.) (1 lt., 6 dk.) instead of 2 lt.

37th row: 4 dk. (6 dk.) (8 dk.), \* 2 lt., 3 dk., 1 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk.; repeat from \* ending 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.).

38th row: 2 dk. (4 dk.) (6 dk.), \* 2 lt., 2 dk., 1 lt., 3 dk., 2 lt., 2 dk.; repeat from \* ending 4 dk. (6 dk.) (8 dk.).

Work from the 15th to the 32nd rows inclusive again, when work should measure 14 inches from cast-on edge.

**To shape the raglan armholes:** 1st and 2nd rows: Maintaining continuity of the pattern, cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of each row.

3rd row: K. 2 tog., work in pattern until 2 remain, k. 2 tog.

4th row: Work in pattern—66 (70) (74) sts.

Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows 19 (20) (21) times.

Leave the remaining 28 (30) (32) sts. on a spare needle until required for the neck band.

**THE FRONT:** Work as for the back until the first 4 rows of armhole shaping have been completed—66 (70) (74) sts.—then repeat the 3rd and 4th rows 12 (13) (14) times more and the 3rd row again—40 (42) (44) sts.

**Next row:** Pattern 15 and leave these sts. on a spare needle for the right front point, pattern the centre 10 (12) (14) sts. and leave these on a stitch-holder for the neck band, pattern the remaining 15 sts. for the left front point.

**The left front point:** 1st row: K. 2 tog., pattern to end.

2nd row: Cast off 2, pattern to end.

3rd row: K. 2 tog., pattern to end.

4th row: Cast off 1, pattern to end.

Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows 4 times more. K. 2 tog. and fasten off.

**The right front point:** 1st row: Rejoin yarn to neck edge of 15 sts. left on spare needle, work in pattern until 2 remain, k. 2 tog.

2nd row: Work in pattern.

3rd row: K. 2 tog., work in pattern until 2 remain, k. 2 tog.

4th row: Work in pattern.

5th row: Cast off 1 st., work in pattern until 2 remain, k. 2 tog.

Repeat the 4th and 5th rows 3 times more and the 4th row again. Sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o.; fasten off.

**THE SLEEVES (both alike):** With No. 8 needles and dk. cast on 48 (50) (52) sts. and work 18 rows in single rib.

Change to No. 5 needles and work the 2-colour pattern as follows:

1st row: 1 dk. (2 dk.) (3 dk.), then work from \* on 1st pattern row, ending 2 dk. (3 dk.) (4 dk.).

2nd row: 2 dk. (3 dk.) (4 dk.), work from \* on 2nd pattern row, ending 1 dk. (2 dk.) (3 dk.).

3rd row: 2 dk. (3 dk.) (4 dk.), work from \* on 3rd pattern row until 10 (11) (12) sts. remain, 2 lt., 2 dk., 2 lt., 3 dk., then 1 lt. (1 lt., 1 dk.) (1 lt., 2 dk.).

These 3 rows set the position of the pattern, work 11 rows more in pattern, then, working the extra sts. into the pattern as they occur, inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row and every following 8th row until the 4th inc. row has been completed.

On 56 (58) (60) sts., pattern 25 rows, or for sleeve seam length required.

**To shape the raglan sleeve top:** Work as given for the raglan armhole shaping on the back.

Leave the remaining 8 sts. on a spare needle until required for working the ribbed neck band.

**THE NECK BAND:** Set in the raglan sleeves so that the sts. left on spare needles at top form part of the neck edge. With set of 4 double-pointed No. 8 needles and dk., beginning with a k. st., rib across the 28 (30) (32) sts. left on spare needle at back, rib across the 8 sts. at top of left sleeve, pick up and k. 14 (16) (18) sts. from row ends of left front point, rib across the 10 (12) (14) sts. at centre front, pick up and k. 14 (16) (18) sts. from row ends of right front point, and finally rib across the 8 sts. of right sleeve top.

On 82 (90) (98) sts., work 8 rounds in single rib.

Cast off loosely in rib.

**TO MAKE UP THE JERSEY:** Press all parts, except the ribbing with a warm iron over a damp cloth and with a thick blanket underneath. Join sleeve and side seams. Press seams.

### THE ROBIN FAMILY

## FREEZE UP!

Miss Owl calls the plumber to the rescue of the Woodland School

**M**ISS OLIVIA OWL was rather worried to find that the cold January weather had frozen one of the water-pipes in the Woodland School.

"I think I will go and see Mr. Shrew, the plumber, and ask him to come and have a look at it," she said to her house-keeper, Maggie Magpie. "Otherwise, when the thaw comes, we may find ourselves with a burst water-pipe, and that would not be nice!"

"No, indeed," replied Maggie, thinking how wet and chilly that would make the Woodland School . . .

So that afternoon, carrying the fluffy white muff that her cousin, Barbara Barn Owl, had sent her for Christmas, Miss Owl set off to visit Mr. Shrew, the plumber.

"I will have tea all ready by four o'clock," Maggie Magpie called from the parlour window. "Hot buttered toast and home-made blackberry jelly—just the tea to come in to after a walk in the cold!"

And, smiling, Miss Owl agreed . . .



The Woodlands were covered with a thick cloak of snow—all white and sparkling—and Miss Owl was so busy thinking how pretty it looked that she did not see the notice beside the path that said DANGER, and nearly slipped over on a large patch of ice.

"Oh, my goodness!" she gasped, then, with a quick flap of her brown wings, she soared silently into the air, and landed safely on the other side.

When she had seen Mr. Shrew, and he had promised to come and look at the frozen water-pipe the very next morning, Miss Owl returned home, taking great care to avoid slipping on the patch of ice again for she was looking forward to having her tea cosily by the fireside.



## A WOMAN'S WEEKLY WORKSHOP FEATURE

The glow of natural timber is an attractive feature of many an old farmhouse kitchen. We've borrowed the idea to create a trio of pine accessories tailored to suit a modern kitchen. Make one or all three, from our Handyman's detailed instructions and diagrams

# THE CHARM OF PINE



This delightful threesome in pine comprises a wall-fixed rack, cleverly styled to hold kitchen tools and spice jars, a wall-hung salt box, and a kitchen roll holder to stand on the working surface.

The curved shapings are quite easy to cut with a fretsaw, but make sure there are no knots in the wood where shaping is required.

Dimensions of the spice and tool rack may need adjusting if you use existing kitchen tools and spice jars. Our rack was designed to accommodate "Prestige" stainless steel tools, and "Schwartz" spices.

Three brush coats of Furniglas "PU 15" clear polyurethane gloss varnish were applied to all three items, but omitting the interior of the salt box. In each case, the first coat was thinned with an equal amount of white spirit and, when dry, smoothed with glasspaper before the second coat was applied.



## SPICE AND TOOL RACK

From prepared softwood, prepare to size five back boards, one tool holder batten and spice rack back (see "Materials Required" list on page 38 for dimensions). Bevel the top edges of the holder batten (see diagram 1, overleaf), using a plane or file. Place the back boards down on a flat surface, and glue them edge to edge, ensuring the ends of the boards are flush. Glue and pin the holder batten and rack back across the back boards, positioned as shown in diagram 1. Press the boards firmly together as you do this, and use two 1-in. panel pins to join the batten and back to each board. Allow the glue to set, punch in the pin heads, then fill the holes with wood stopping.

Meanwhile, from thin card prepare templates for half the shaping at the top and lower edge of the back boards, and also for the shaping of the spice rack ends, following diagrams 2, 3 and 4 respectively. Cut the templates to shape along the marked lines, then using templates 2 and 3, mark the required shaping on the back boards. Cut the back boards to shape with a fretsaw, following carefully the marked lines, then smooth all surfaces with glasspaper.

*Continued overleaf*

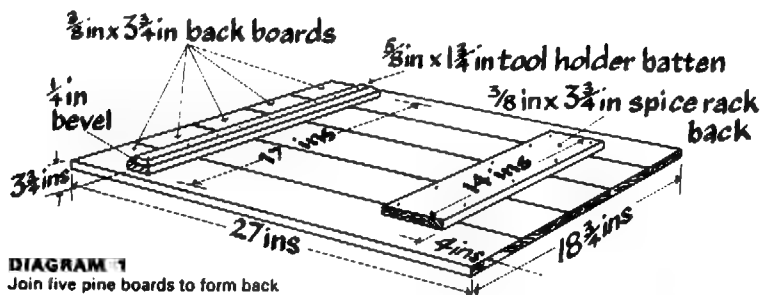
# THE CHARM OF PINE

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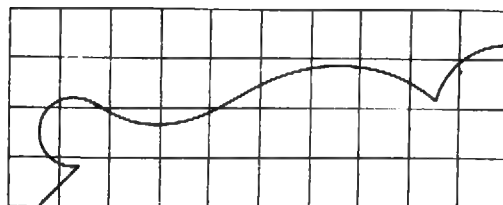
Prepare the spice rack base, two ends and edging to size (see "Materials Required" list), ensuring the base and edging are both equal in length to the rack back. Round over the top edge of the rack edging, with a file or glasspaper, then mark out and cut to shape the two rack ends, using template 4. Smooth all surfaces visible after assembly, with glasspaper.

Glue and pin (use  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. panel pins) the rack base to the lower edge of the rack back, with one long edge pressed firmly against the back boards, and the ends of back and base flush. Fix the rack ends in place, then fix the edging to the front edge of the base (see diagram 5). Punch in the pin heads, fill the holes with stopping and, when dry, smooth with glasspaper.

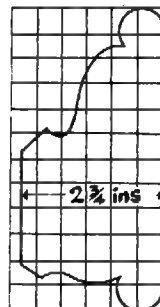
Finally, drill and countersink three  $\frac{3}{16}$ -in. screw clearance holes through the back boards, two of them at the top edge and the third in the centre of the lower edge, for fixing to the wall (see our picture on previous page).



**DIAGRAM 1**  
Join five pine boards to form back board of spice and tool rack.



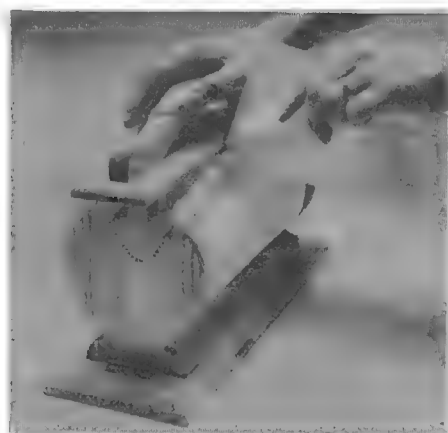
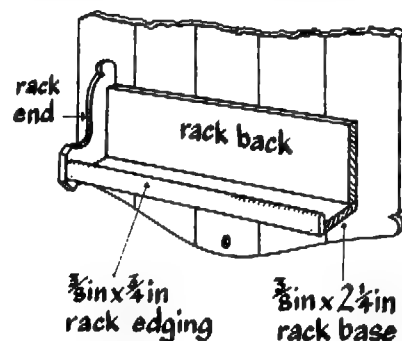
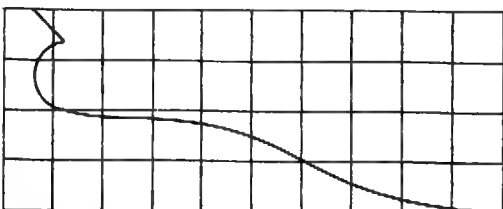
**DIAGRAM 2**  
Template for shaping half of top edge of back board. Each square equals one inch.



**DIAGRAM 4**  
Template for shaping spice rack side. Each square equals  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch.

**DIAGRAM 5**  
Spice rack with one shaped side removed, to show construction.

**DIAGRAM 3**  
Template for shaping half of lower edge of back board. Each square equals one inch.



## KITCHEN ROLL HOLDER

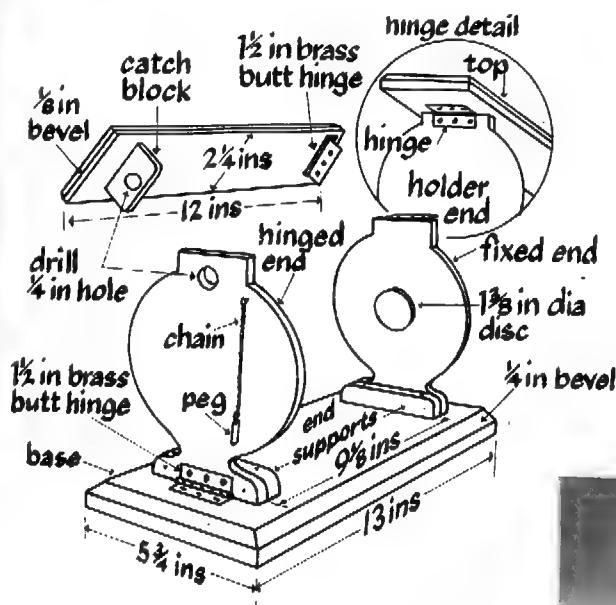
From prepared softwood, cut to size all the pieces required, following the dimensions given in the "Materials Required" list.

Mark two lines across the width of the base,  $9\frac{1}{4}$  in. apart and equally placed from the ends, then bevel the top edges (see diagram 6).

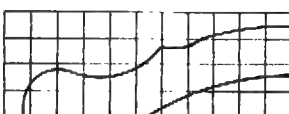
Make card templates for shaping the holder ends and handle, following diagrams 7 and 8 respectively then, using these templates, mark and cut to shape the two ends and the handle.

Using a compass, mark a  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -in. diameter circle on each of the two pieces cut to size for the discs, then cut to shape with a fret-saw, and smooth with glasspaper. Stick one disc to each holder end, positioned as shown by the  $11/16$ -in. radius circle marked on diagram 7. Place a weight over each disc to hold it in place until the glue dries.

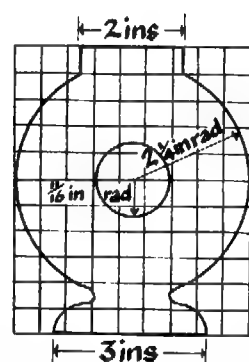
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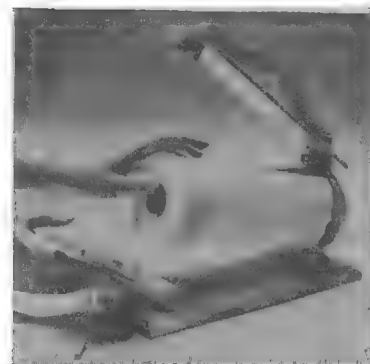
**DIAGRAM 6**  
Exploded view of roll holder, showing hinge and catch detail.



**DIAGRAM 7**  
Template for shaping one half of handle. Each square equals  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch.



**DIAGRAM 8**  
Template for roll holder end. Each square equals  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch.



## SHOPPING DETAILS FOR COLOUR PICTURE

Wallcovering: Crown Vinyl "Seville", P85761: 44s. (£2.20) plus P.T., per roll.  
Kitchen units, and pottery casserole: from a range at Maples, Tottenham Court Road, London, W1. Kitchen tools: stainless steel, by Prestige.





# THE CHARM OF PINE

CONTINUED

Round over the ends of two end supports, to match the shaping on the holder ends, then glue and pin one support to each holder end (see diagram 6), ensuring the lower edges of both are flush.

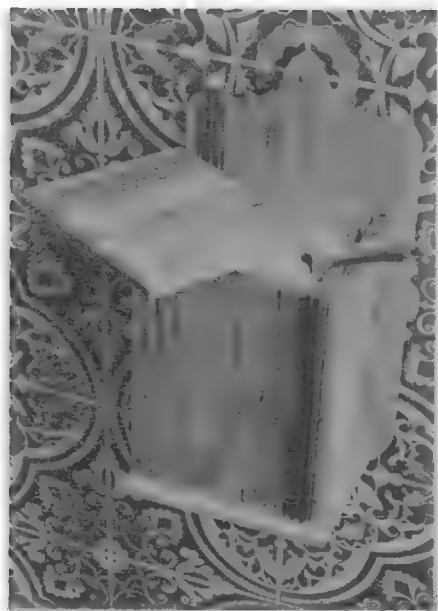
Fix the holder ends to the base,  $9\frac{1}{4}$  in.

apart, using the lines marked on the base as a guide, and with the discs facing inwards. Fix one end in place using glue and panel pins driven through the end support, but fix the second holder end with a butt hinge (see diagram 6). Note: Before fixing the hinge to the base, check that your kitchen roll fits and revolves easily between the holder ends.

Bevel the top edges of the holder top, then glue and pin the handle centrally to the top, using  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. panel pins driven through the top into the handle. Place the top centrally over the holder ends, and mark with a pencil on the underside of the holder top where the outside edge of the hinged holder end meets it. Drill a  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. dia. hole through the centre of the catch block, and round over the bottom corners. Glue and pin the block against the line marked on the holder top (see diagram 6), using two  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in.

panel pins driven through the top. Replace the top, with the catch block against the hinged holder end, then attach the fixed holder end to the top with a butt hinge (see inset, diagram 6). Using the hole in the catch block as a guide for the drill, make a  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. dia. hole in the hinged holder end.

Round over one end of a 1-in. length of  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. dowel, using glasspaper. Taper the dowel, working away from the rounded end, using a knife and glasspaper. Insert the peg in the holes drilled in the catch block and holder end, to ensure the holder top is held firmly in place after inserting a paper roll. Insert a screw eye in the rounded end of the dowel, and a second screw eye in the hinged holder end. Fit the peg by a short length of chain attached to the two screw eyes (see diagram 6). Smooth all surfaces with glasspaper, then carefully brush off all the dust.



## SALT BOX

Following the dimensions given in the "Materials Required" list, prepare to size all the softwood pieces required.

Make card templates of the shaping for the top and lower edges of the back board, shown by the squared areas in diagram 9. Mark the position of the salt box on the back board (see broken lines, diagram 9). Using the templates, mark the shaping on the board, and cut to shape.

To make the box, first bevel the top edges of the base and lid (see diagram 10), omitting the bevel along the back edges. Smooth all surfaces with glasspaper. Pin and glue the box front to the sides, with top and lower edges flush. Fix the base to the front and sides, with all back edges flush, then fix the box in place against the marks on the back board, driving the pins through the board into the edges of the sides and base. Note: Use  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. panel pins for this.

Ensure the liner fits easily within the box, then glue and pin it to the underside of the lid, with their back edges flush, and with the liner placed exactly centrally across the width of the lid (as shown in diagram 10). Recess all pin heads, fill holes with stopping, allow to harden then smooth with glasspaper. Drill and countersink a  $3/16$ -in. screw clearance hole through the top centre of back board, for hanging (see diagram 9).

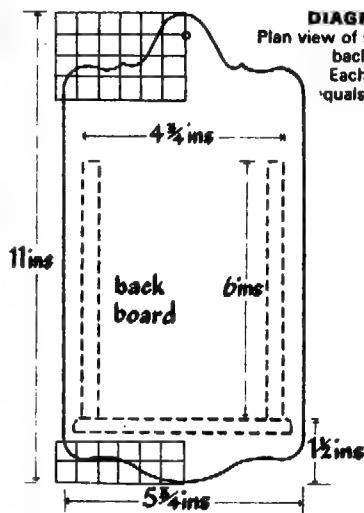
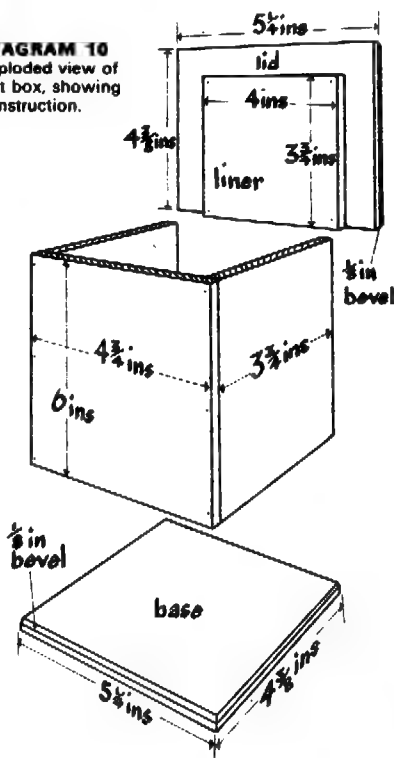


DIAGRAM 10  
Exploded view of salt box, showing construction.



## MATERIALS REQUIRED

L Length (inches)  
W Width (inches)  
T Thickness (inches)

### SPICE AND TOOL RACK

Prepared softwood	L	W	T
Back boards—5 pieces	27	3 1/2	3/8
Tool holder batten—1 piece	17	1 1/2	1/2
Spice rack back—1 piece	14	3 1/2	3/8
Spice rack base—1 piece	14	2 1/2	1/2
Spice rack ends—2 pieces	6	2 1/2	3/8
Spice rack edging—1 piece	14	1	3/8

### Hardware

Medium size brass shouldered hooks, for hanging tools.

### KITCHEN ROLL HOLDER

Prepared softwood	L	W	T
Base—1 piece	13	5 1/2	3/8
Holder ends—2 pieces	5 1/2	4 1/2	3/8
Discs—2 pieces	1 1/2	1 1/2	3/8
End supports—2 pieces	3	3/8	3/8
Top—1 piece	12	2 1/2	3/8
Handle—1 piece	10 1/2	1 1/2	3/8
Catch block—1 piece	1 1/2	1	3/8

### Hardwood dowel

Peg—1 piece	1	1/2-in. dia.
-------------	---	--------------

### Hardware

A pair of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -in. brass butt hinges, and  $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. screws  
A short length of brass chain  
2 very small brass screw eyes

## SALT BOX

Prepared softwood	L	W	T
Back board—1 piece	11	5 1/2	3/8
Box front—1 piece	6	4 1/2	3/8
Box sides—2 pieces	6	3 1/2	3/8
Box base—1 piece	5 1/2	4 1/2	3/8
Box lid—1 piece	5 1/2	4 1/2	3/8
Lid liner—1 piece	3 1/2	4	3/8

## OTHER MATERIALS

To make these items, you also need:

Wood glue  
Wood stopping  
 $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. and  $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. panel pins  
Medium grade glasspaper  
Varnish

In addition: To fit the hanging items,  
 $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. No. 8 wallplugs  
1-in. No. 8 brass countersunk screws

All measurements given for prepared softwood are nett, so make small allowances for cutting the pieces to length. The width and thickness of prepared timber vary slightly, so some slight adjustments to the measurements in the diagrams may be necessary.





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# A place to steal your heart away

THE CURLEW WOKE ME, swooping in over the waters of the bay with his wild, hungry cry to wade along the shore in search of breakfast. Though the clock said past eight o'clock it was barely light, for summer had long since gone. As I stood in the cottage kitchen, frying some delicious home-cured Irish bacon and eggs laid by hens in the farm down the road the day before, not a light glimmered in any of the cottages on the other side of the shore. For here in Ballyvaughan, on the west coast of Ireland and facing the beauty of Galway Bay, the people see no point in getting up until, as they put it, the place is well-aired. "Sure when God made time He made plenty of it" is their philosophy, and it's a splendid one for any holidaymaker.

Staying in the Irish cottage, though only for a few days, was for me a time of pure delight. Built in traditional style with whitewashed walls, thatched roof and stone-flagged and rafter-ceilinged living-room, with a turf fire burning sweetly in the open hearth, it had all the charm of bygone days, plus the luxuries of today—underfloor central heating, constant hot water, modern bathroom and beautifully fitted kitchen. It was one of a group built at Ballyvaughan for the pleasure of holidaymakers and though obviously most people prefer to go there during the summer months—the cottages are ideal for family holidays as they will sleep eight people comfortably—they are available all the year round. The winter rates, running from October to March, are very tempting—only £16 a week for the larger cottages, £13 for the smaller ones which sleep five or six. Summer rates start from £21 and £20 in April, rising to £41 and £39 in the high season months of July and August. A similar group of cottages has been built at Corofin, standing on a narrow stretch of land between Lough Inichiquin and Lough Atedaun in Co. Clare.

## OF SAUSAGES AND SHELLFISH

The pleasures of staying in the Ballyvaughan cottage were infinite. They lay in sitting in a rocking-chair beside that sweet-smelling turf fire, looking round at the wooden dresser and long oilcloth-covered table—how long was it since I'd seen oilcloth, I wondered—at the little lace-curtained windows that looked out on one side across an inlet of the bay, much-favoured by a host of sea-birds, and on the other over stone-walled fields and a line of blue hills in the distance. They lay in shopping in the village, at Mooney's for the milk—tap on the sitting-room window if you can't see anyone about—at one of the two village stores for bacon and soda bread, black puddings, pork sausages and groceries, at a long farm shed for potatoes, where they were surprised that you were not buying them by the stone, at O'Loughlen's, the local

*Continued overleaf*



A man and his horse walk the road not far from the Ballyvaughan cottages.





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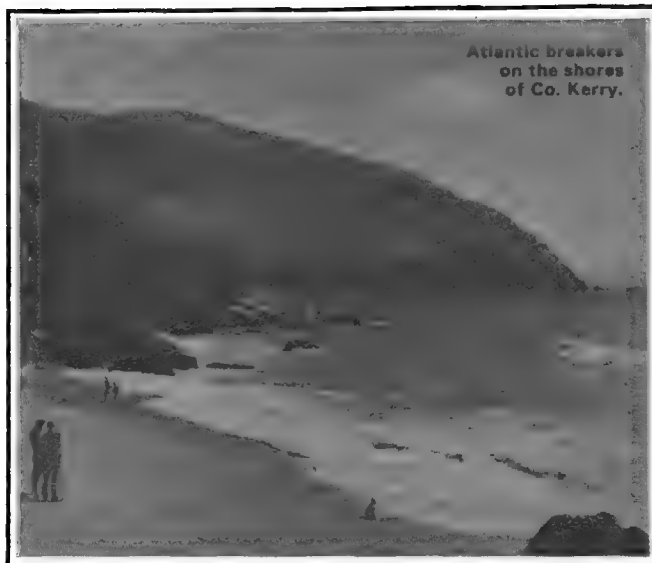
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## A place to steal your heart away

CONTINUED

pub, for the papers and, in a mood of gorgeous, greedy extravagance, at the Shellfish Industries' dark, water-filled tanks for fresh lobster and crayfish and scollops that tasted quite unforgettably superb. They lay in watching that incredible variety of birds wheeling overhead and resting on the shore at low tide. They lay in looking out of the back bedroom window to find three brown cows standing outside and staring in with unblinking curiosity—they put me in mind of the Irishman who said: "We love strangers in Ireland. You never know what they're going to be like." And they lay even in humdrum chores like unpegging the washing from the line outside, feeling that soft air on my face and looking up to see the stars of the Plough and the Milky Way shining clear in the night sky above. It all seemed a very long way from London's Edgware Road.

Remote, away-from-it-all, with nothing between you and America but a few thousand miles of the Atlantic Ocean, Ballyvaughan is in fact reached surprisingly easily. We left London on BEA's swift, smooth Trident flight one lunch-time, picked up a hire-car at Shannon Airport an hour and a quarter later and arrived, after a pleasant hour's drive, in time for tea.

### AND CONNEMARA'S BEAUTY

A car is a necessary luxury, because it is a pity to be so near such a wealth of beauty as lies all around you and not to be able to see as much of it as possible. Local public transport is practically non-existent. We were able, even in the few days we were there, to drive in to Galway, stopping on the way for oysters and brown bread and butter and Guinness at Paddy Burke's pub in Clarinbridge, to explore the city's broad quays and winding streets, flanked by medieval houses dating from the prosperous days of the Spanish merchants, to look over the old Weir Bridge where the salmon leap each spring and to buy succulent Connemara lamb to cook for dinner.

"Is it tonight you will be eating it then? Sure it will be tasting absolutely exquisite," said the butcher.

And so it did. We were able also to drive through the Burren, the wild, desolate, rock-strewn region that surrounds Ballyvaughan where, between the stones and limestone ridges, wild strawberries and rock roses, orchids and carpets of gentian and a myriad varieties of plants flourish. And, best of all, we were able to come again to Connemara, a place of moorland bright with yellow gorse and wild red fuchsia, of mysterious blue, trout-filled lakes and trickling streams, of blue-green mountains and green granite rocks, of swooping wild geese, wandering donkeys of inquisitive, friendly disposition and thick-haired Connemara ponies, proud and fiercely independent—a place of incomparable, soul-satisfying beauty. If I ever had to pick one place on earth that is to me the ultimate in beauty, it would surely be Connemara.

Continued overleaf



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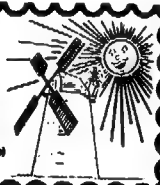
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## MY HEART REMEMBERS

Continued from page 32

mixture of people sitting around a long table, on which there was a large cake covered with candles.

Most of the women were obviously groomed for the occasion, and Sally wished she had had time to prepare properly for this, her first dinner date. That is if it could be called a dinner date, she thought with a smile, thinking of the way she had been invited.

"Why are you smiling?"

The abrupt question jolted her temporarily, as she realised he had been watching her without her knowing.

"I was thinking of you, and of how you always seem to do everything on the spur of the moment, and yet you expect a person to fall in with your plans immediately."

He raised his eyebrows as if surprised by her comeback and murmured, "You should be used to me by now, but I don't expect you to fall in with my plans. You always have an option."

"What option did I have tonight?" she challenged. "I had to come here because you were driving."

He smiled at her, that slow, tantalising smile which narrowed his eyes, and made her want to box his ears and love him at the same time.

"You did not have to come into the hotel. You could have stayed in the car until I had finished eating, or you could have walked back to Ayr. I don't want anyone to come anywhere with me against their will, least of all a woman."

Sally shifted uneasily in her chair. For all his smile he seemed to be deadly serious. "You're making fun," she suggested warily.

## A place to steal your heart away

CONTINUED

Evenings at Ballyvaughan meant, the conviviality of Gregans Castle Hotel, run by two escapist Englishmen, with dinner at 23s. a head, or at O'Loughlen's or Hyland's, the local pubs or, on a Saturday night, down the coast road past the fine stretch of golden sands at Fanore to Doolin for the traditional singing and dancing at Gus O'Connor's pub. It was at Gus O'Connor's that I found myself doing an Irish set-dance with a cloth-capped local, whether or not Guinness-bribed to ask me by the man from the Tourist Board I may never know. And it was there also that I heard again that deep-felt, soul-searing Irish singing of songs that seemed one minute torn out of the sadness of the land, the next out of the fey humour of the people.

We flew back by BEA from Shannon, making good use of the splendid duty-free shopping facilities at the Airport, which boasts the first, and best, airport duty-free shop in the world. We had found that staying in a cottage at Ballyvaughan was a fascinating new way of enjoying the pleasures of the West of Ireland, surely one of the best escapist's paradises in the world.

If the idea appeals to you too, write for booking form and details to: **Rent an Irish Cottage, Limited, Shannon Free Airport, Co. Clare, Ireland.**

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"No, I mean what I say. If you don't want to dine with me say so, and I'll call a taxi to take you back to Ayr. But somehow I don't think you are exactly unwilling to dine with me, only perturbed about extraneous subjects such as Aunt Jessie, and the way you are dressed . . ."

"Och, how did you guess?"

"From the way you studied the other women. Why worry about it? I like the way you look, and I'm buying your dinner. Now let's choose something to eat, shall we?"

**I**T WAS while they were eating the first course of deliciously tender smoked salmon that Ross said abruptly, "Mike tells me that you are going to visit his home while you are in London."

"His mother invited me. He hopes to be at home convalescing then."

"Would you be very disappointed if he was sent to another site when he is better?"

"But why shouldn't he be able to return to Portbride?"

"If the other man who has been sent to take his place is satisfactory, there is no point in his returning, and the company could use him in South Wales. They will send him there, if I recommend it."

"Will you be going back there, too, when you have done your work here?"

He did not reply at once because the waiters returned with the second course and there was the usual ritual of vegetable serving and wine-tasting.

The waiters departed and Sally began to eat appreciatively. Cautiously she sipped some of the red wine, wrinkled her nose at the taste, sipped some more, and then repeated her question.

"It depends on the behaviour of certain

people," replied Ross non-committally, and concentrated on his dinner.

Sally thought of Lydia, and remembered her saying that Ross was ambitious. She took another sip of wine. It made her feel warm, and even more capable of saying what she felt. She must tell Ross where Lydia was, and then he'd be able to go after her and make it up with her.

"Lydia once told me that you're ambitious, and that you know where you are going. If the South Wales site is bigger, that means promotion, doesn't it? I expect she'd be glad to go there with you. She's in Edinburgh."

Ross gave her a direct look. "Who told you that?" he asked.

"Miriam. Didn't you know? Evidently Lydia was very upset after quarrelling with you."

"So you know about that, too," he murmured.

"Yes, and she's probably feeling very miserable and unhappy. Won't you go and see her, and make it up?"

For some reason Ross looked exasperated, and Sally braced herself for a scornful comment.

But when he spoke he sounded very reasonable and calm.

"Not yet. If I'm not mistaken, Lydia will have company. Craig Dawson will keep her entertained."

"But isn't that all the more reason why you should go and see her?" said Sally plunging deeper into the mire in her efforts to help. "Craig might ask her to marry him."

"And she might accept? Is that what is worrying you? But I thought you'd got over your liking for him."

*Continued overleaf*

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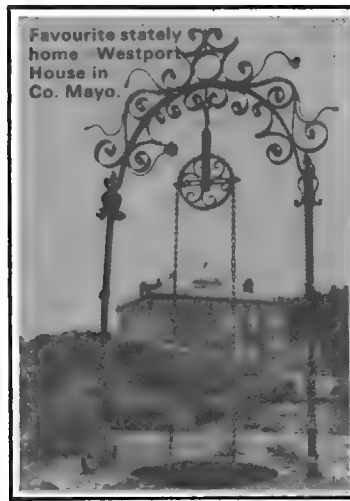
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*Continued overleaf*

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## MY HEART REMEMBERS

Continued

"I have. It's you I'm thinking of. If you don't go after her you'll lose her."

He eyed her speculatively, and rather dismayed by the shrewdness of his glance, Sally ate busily.

"Are you by any chance trying to organise my life for me?" he drawled quietly.

"I'd be doing no more than you have been doing for me," she retorted. "Ever since you came back to Portbride you've tried to organise my life, and you needn't bother to deny it. Mike told me that you introduced me to him because you thought I needed help."

"I'm not denying it. You do need help. I hadn't the time to do much about it, so I recruited Mike. I kept him out of mischief at the same time. I thought it was an excellent idea, and I still do. You are much better. Not half so sorry for yourself."

Sally was speechless. It seemed she couldn't win. He was impregnable, and he always had an answer.

"I'm rather sorry, though, that you've tumbled to the truth and I hope that you won't let it affect your feelings where Mike is concerned. Now to get back to my original question. Will you be disappointed if Mike doesn't return to Portbride when he's better?" Ross said.

Desolation crept into Sally's heart as she imagined Portbride without Ross, without Mike. "I would miss him very much," she replied honestly.

"Then I'll recommend that he should return to Winterston."

He spoke with finality. Coffee was served and drunk in silence. Ross appeared to be more interested in the brunette sitting at the next table than he was in reopening the conversation.

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CONTINUED

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THE MEAL was over, the bill was paid, and they went out into the cool, damp night. They travelled in silence back the way they had come, through the empty streets of Prestwick and Ayr, and out on to the dark road which went south.

Suddenly Sally was panic-stricken. This was her last chance to be alone with Ross. This was the moment she should make last forever, but he seemed farther from her than ever.

"Will you leave as soon as the house is destroyed?" she asked. He gave her question some thought before answering.

"We shall start knocking it down on Saturday morning, and I think I might as well leave soon after. Once the demolition is under way, Charlie Burnet can take over. I'll go . . . which should please you."

He sounded so final about everything, as if there were no possibility that he would change his mind.

The lights of Portbride appeared as she struggled wildly to find another opening. But they were through the main street, and going up the brae, before she managed to say diffidently, "Ross, that night I told you to go away, I didn't mean I wanted you to go away from Portbride. I meant . . ."

"What does it matter now?" he interrupted. "That's past. Over and done with. Why bother to rake it up?"

He stopped the car, and was out and opening the door on her side before she had time to recover from the chilling effect of his words. She stepped out, haunted by the memory of the other times they had parted company.

"Thank you for the dinner," she said. "Did we say all the things we had to say to each other?"

"We managed to untangle a few knots," he replied coolly. "I don't suppose I'll have time to see you again before I leave on Saturday, so we'd better say good night and

goodbye before Aunt Jessie makes her appearance."

With a swift, deft gesture he tilted her face up, and kissed her firmly on the mouth.

The front door opened and they moved apart. With a wave of his hand in Aunt Jessie's direction, Ross moved away to the car calling out in his derisive fashion, "Don't say it, Aunt Jessie. I'm going. Good night."

SALLY AWOKE early on Saturday morning, and lay for a few minutes wondering about the day which lay before her. Slowly her sleepy thoughts crystallised, and she turned her head on the pillow and closed her eyes in an effort to escape. Today they would start to knock down Winterston House, and Ross would leave.

There was no way to hold him. While Winterston was standing there was always the chance of his return. But this morning Winterston would be partially destroyed, and its roof would soon be in the dust.

Sudden impulse made Sally fling back the bed covers and go to the window. She pulled back the curtain and looked out. Early morning sunlight sparkled on the water and caressed the hills.

On the Winterston shore, she could just make out the untidy, man-made heaps of earth defacing what had once been landscaped parkland. Sunlight glittered on the aluminium trailers, and on the yellow mechanical, earth-moving equipment. In the midst of the upheaval the old house was an anachronism, its baronial architecture seeming fussy and unnecessary rather than romantic. In a few hours it would be gone, and so would Ross.

Again impulse turned Sally away from the window. Quickly, as if she had no time to lose, she dressed, grabbing jeans, shirt

*Continued overleaf*

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## MY HEART REMEMBERS

*Continued*

and sweater. Moving quietly, so as not to disturb Aunt Jessie and her father, she tiptoed downstairs into the kitchen. There she poured herself some orange juice, and taking an oatcake from a tin in the cupboard, she unlocked the back door and went outside to the garden shed.

It did not take long to pull her bicycle out and inspect it. She hadn't ridden it since the car crash, and it was dusty and the tyres were flat. Hoping they were still unpunctured, she pumped them up until they were hard, then wheeled the bicycle out through the front gate. Soon she was free-wheeling down the brae, with the cool morning air fanning her cheeks. She rode round the head of the harbour, and out on to the Winterston Road.

Going was rather difficult, because heavy vehicles had played havoc with the surface. But there was pleasure in the ride, a sense of freedom which she hadn't experienced for a long time. It wasn't the first time in her life that she had left home early in the morning, intent on finding adventure, and she could not help thinking how much better it suited her to act, rather than to stay at home and mope.

At last she arrived at the place where the big bastion of rock had once jutted out into the road. It had been blasted and some of it had been removed. The remaining rock looked raw, but it was still colourful, glittering pink and purple in the morning sunlight. It was true the lovely silver birch had gone, but the whole area had been tidied and many plants had been replaced. By next spring Sally knew the bushes would have recovered, and would be flourishing.

Cheered by the thought that it was possible for man to improve on nature at times, she cycled on to the entrance to the drive. The old gateposts had disappeared. The driveway had been re-surfaced, and to one side of it there was a wooden shed. From the shed, a lifting barrier barred the way to strangers.

Through the window of the shed, Sally could see a man in a peaked uniform cap. Presumably he was there to stop strangers from entering. A mischievous grin quirked her mouth, and moving into the trees beyond the entrance to the drive, she left her bike there and began to make her way through the woodland in the direction of the house.

**S**HE CAME out of the trees where she had expected, just behind the house on the south-east side. A temporary barbed wire fence had been put up to prevent anyone from approaching too closely. Skirting round the fence, Sally made her way behind the house to the west side.

She was shocked by the sight of it. The whole wall was down, lying in a mass of stone and rubble, leaving the rooms exposed. Beams of rotten wood, torn and ragged, stuck out, and a smell of dust and decay polluted the morning air. It was quite obvious that the destruction had already begun.

To reach the front of the house, Sally had to climb over the heap of rubble. It wasn't difficult, but as she reached the other side some stones tumbled down and rolled down the slight slope, attracting the attention of two men standing on the remains of the lawn.

The noise of a crane starting up drew Sally's attention, and she turned to watch

*Continued overleaf*

# READ ALL ABOUT IT!

## TOP ITEMS

Holding the front page is a brightly striped button-up in simple crochet made in a multitude of pretty colours. Our lightweight lacy panelled sweater follows the long line theme, knitted with its own buckled belt. And for small children a smartly ribbed jumper and double breasted cardigan.

## A NEW SERIAL

Whose heart does not go out to a child in trouble? And this little one was apparently desolate. The young man with her was fairly appealing, too! Large, harassed and quite unable to cope. Diane waded in with offers of help—and that is the start of Linden Grierson's delightful new book, *THE DREAMING HILLS*, set in her native Australia.

## FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

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Our "foreign correspondent"—travel editor, Betty Jones—puts forward some valuable suggestions for family holidays in places where the children will find endless fun.

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## MY HEART REMEMBERS

Continued

the long jib of a big crane swing out. Dangling from the end of the jib was a rectangular iron weight. It was being swung away from the house, presumably with the intention of swinging it back to knock down a wall.

Sally watched, fascinated. Then she became aware that someone was shouting. She turned. One of the men, the bigger of the two, was running towards her waving, as if directing her away from the house.

Sudden realisation that she was in danger made Sally start to run towards the man, whom she recognised as Ross. He reached

her, grabbed her arm and pulled her along with him away from the house. Then, without warning, he pushed her down on the ground and flung himself on top of her. There was a dreadful cracking sound, a rumble of falling masonry, and dust and stone showered down.

"What's happened?" Sally asked the ground against which she was pushed so hard. The pressure on her back eased at once as Ross sat up.

"That was part of the front of the house falling down, you little fool," he rasped. "You can sit up now. There's no more danger for the time being, and you can explain why you are here at this time in the morning."

She sat up and looked at him. The yellow construction helmet was pushed to the back of his head. His face was pale under streaks of dust, and his eyes were blazing blue.

Rather intimidated by the fury which leapt and flickered in his eyes, and by the grim set of his mouth, Sally stammered a little.

"I didn't think you'd be working so early. I came to see the house before it was knocked down."

"I thought I told you not to come near it. I might have known you would do the opposite to anything I suggested."

Sally looked past him at the broken, windowless house.

"I had to come," she replied simply, looking straight at Ross again. The anger was dying from his face and he looked pale and weary. "What did you do with the love-seat?" she asked.

"I didn't forget. It's loaded on to a truck, and on its way to you," he replied. Getting to his feet he held out a hand to help her to stand up. "We'll go to the office, and I'll ask Charlie Burnet to have some tea sent in."

Burnet, who was the other man who had been standing watching the demolition operations, was a short, stocky man. He stared curiously at Sally when Ross introduced her, nodded at Ross's request for tea, and went off in the direction of one of the trailers.

THE OFFICE was in a long hut at the end of a corridor bordered by deserted rooms furnished with desks and filing cabinets. The Saturday morning silence was sunlit and dust-laden. The fairly large room into which Ross took her was furnished in a surprisingly comfortable way. The floor was covered by a red carpet. The wall facing the door was lined with a bookcase and a filing cabinet. Facing the window was a big desk, behind which was a large, leather-covered swivel chair.

"Here, sit down. This is the most comfortable chair in the room or on the site for that matter," Ross said. "And now tell me how you got on to the site."

She sat down, realising that he must be more concerned about an unauthorised person being on the site than he was in her immediate welfare.

"Wasn't there anyone on duty at the barrier?" he rapped.

"Yes, there was. Please Ross, it wasn't his fault. I waited until he wasn't looking, and then dodged into the woods. I've been so many times I know my way."

He stared at her intently for a moment, and then a slight smile softened the expression on his face. "I suppose you do, you little poacher," he accused. "Still, it was a risk you shouldn't have taken. You could have been killed, or badly hurt, if we hadn't seen you. It must have been some sixth sense which made me turn round when I did. You may not be shocked, but I am."

Sally's eyes opened very wide. He was shocked because she might have been killed. Did that mean . . . ? Could it possibly mean . . . ?

She was unable to voice her question because the door opened and Charlie Burnet arrived, with a tray bearing two mugs of tea and a bowl of sugar. He put the tray on the desk, smiled kindly at Sally, gave a sidelong glance at the silent, stone-faced Ross, and departed without a word.

Sally picked up one of the mugs and began to sip. She had decided, after all, that Ross would have been shocked anyway, no matter who had been in danger,

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because he was responsible for whatever happened on the site.

Ross moved to the desk, spooned sugar into the other mug of tea and drank some. He said abruptly, "I wish you hadn't come. It would have been easier for me if you hadn't."

There was such a savage note in his voice that she braced herself mentally for the punishment he had threatened to give her if he ever found her near the house.

"I'm sorry—" she began to apologise, when he cut in.

"I don't like saying goodbye. To have to say it twice is asking too much of anyone."

Her ears throbbed as her heart quickened its beat. Ross drank some more tea. Blood showed on one of his knuckles. He must have grazed it when he flung himself on top of her. He lowered the mug, and Sally looked higher into his wary blue eyes. In that moment the courage which had deserted her for so long surged back. "You don't have to say goodbye to me again," she said breathlessly. "I could come with you when you go."

**I**T WAS said at last. She had offered herself, and if he rejected her she would accept defeat and go home.

He put down the mug on the tray so sharply that tea slopped over the rim. Half-sitting on the desk he leaned towards her.

"You can't possibly mean what you say," he said incredulously. "You must be more shocked than you think. Why, only last week you told me you would never leave Portbride!"

"I do mean what I say," she insisted. "I was confused when I said that. I didn't know . . . I didn't realise that I loved you. Och, you've been so horrid and distant since you came back—"

"That's because I've been jealous of Mike," he explained slowly. The expression in his eyes suddenly intent.

"But why? I don't understand."

"I don't expect you to. I didn't myself, at first. I can't even tell you when it hit me. When I first came back to Portbride I was disturbed to see you so changed. I wanted to help you. I found that I enjoyed your company, but I didn't have much spare time, and my previous relationship with Maeve tended to come between us. I thought that if Mike restored your self-confidence, while I managed to remove Maeve, then perhaps you and I might make some progress. But the idea of using Mike seemed to boomerang, and everything became more complicated with the appearance of Lydia. On top of which, you told me in no uncertain terms that you didn't like me to touch you, and to go away. I decided I was a fool for chasing rainbows, and jumped at the chance of going to Wales. I had no intention of coming back."

So her impression that she had hurt him when she had told him not to touch her had been right after all! "I only told you to go because I was afraid you might love me and leave me," she said in a low voice. "I didn't think you would go right away."

"Do you know why I came back?" he asked urgently.

"To destroy the house, surely?"

"Someone else could have done that. No. I was given another choice. Stay in South Wales, or return here and let Mike go there. For once in my life I had difficulty in making a decision, and all because of you. I kept thinking how much I would like to come back here, and spend the next twelve months or so with you. I even

*Continued overleaf*

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thought I might buy a cottage, if all went well. So I came back to find out if there was any basis for my dream, and discovered that you were more concerned about Mike being hurt. It was then that I realised I was in love with you. You also had some totally erroneous ideas about my relationship with Lydia."

"I couldn't help that," Sally defended. "Lydia told me that she hoped to join you in Wales. I thought you must have some arrangement with her."

"No arrangement was ever made between Lydia and me. Sally, are you sure about Mike?"

He sounded oddly diffident, and she realised she would have to work hard to convince him that he was the only person for whom she had ever felt this ardent emotion, this curious mixture of tenderness and passion.

"I like Mike. But it wouldn't worry me if I never saw him again. Please, Ross, let me come with you. If you go away again and leave me, life will be so dismal and hollow."

HE SLID off the desk and walked round to her. Taking her hand he pulled her to her feet. With one hand he caressed her scarred cheek, and then bent to kiss her. His mouth was gentle at first, cool and seeking, but as she responded shyly he began to kiss her more ardently, so that her shyness evaporated.

At last he raised his head and grinned down at her. "You may not believe me, but this is the first time I've ever made love to anyone so early on a Saturday morning. There is no need for you to come with me, because I'm going to stay. Mike can go to Wales. I'll tell the company that this is a much better place for a honeymoon. What do you think of Gimlet Cottage as our first home?"

"So that was why you were so interested in it," exclaimed Sally. "And I thought you wanted it for you and Lydia. I should love to live there as long as you are with me."

"It won't be for long, Sally. Only until the site work is done. That is why it is important for me to know if you can bear to leave Portbride, because I couldn't leave you behind. We can keep the cottage as a place to come back to . . . to refresh ourselves. We can bring our children to it, so that they, too, can learn to appreciate the wind and the sun and the rain. Will that suit you?"

For answer she kissed him impulsively, and his arms tightened round her as he returned the kiss. But he raised his head quickly, and, glancing round the room, made a grimace of distaste. Then he looked down at her, and she recognised the expression in his eyes, the mixture of challenge and amusement.

"Let's get out of here. I know of far better places, amongst the hills, where we can be alone on a lovely sunny morning like this. Coming with me?"

This time the old, familiar invitation had no careless, throw-away overtones. This time he did not intend to set off without her.

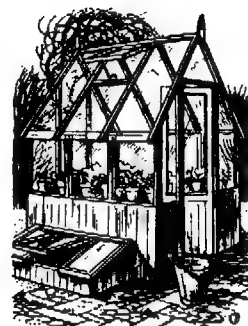
"Yes, please," she answered.

And together, hand in hand, they walked out of the office, down the corridor, and out into the September sunshine.

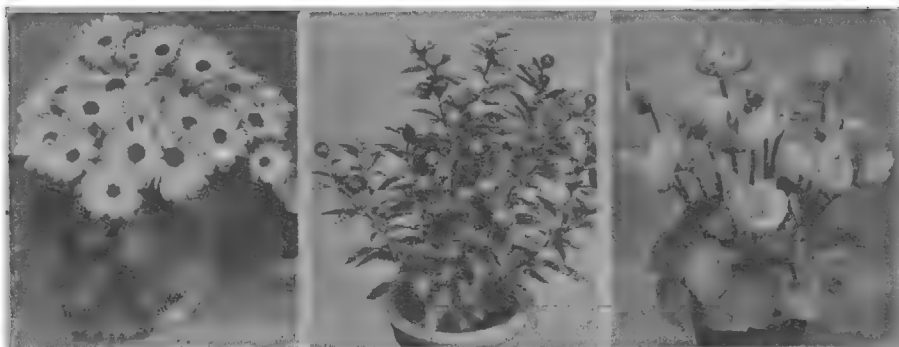
THE END

© Flora Kidd, 1971

# Cool Customers For Your Greenhouse



Just a little heat to keep them frost-free, and they will reward you with a bright array of flowers during the winter months, explains JOY SIMMONS



White-zoned Cineraria.

Scarlet-fruited Winter Cherry.

Marble-leaved Cyclamen.

I AM frequently asked what is meant by a "cool greenhouse" and whether any flowering pot plants will survive in such a house during winter.

A cool greenhouse is generally understood to be a house that needs no artificial heat for seven months in the year, but does require some form of heating—an electric fan or tubular heater, or a paraffin heater, for instance—to keep out frost and maintain a minimum temperature of around 45 degrees F. during the remaining months.

Given these conditions, many flowering pot plants and bulbs may be housed in winter, early vegetables and half-hardy annuals can be raised from seed in spring, and tomato plants grown in pots, boxes or borders during summer. In this way, the greenhouse should be fully utilised for the greater part of the year, the winter-flowering plants being removed to the open after the frosts to make room for seedlings.

Which pot plants are happy in a cool greenhouse? Some of the most popular—Primula obconica, Primula malacoides, Primula sinensis, Cyclamen, Cineraria, Winter Cherry (Solanum), Azalea, Erica.

Of these, Cineraria, Primula sinensis and malacoides, and Erica are normally discarded after flowering, but the other plants mentioned can be encouraged to bloom again if they are looked after.

## THE RIGHT TREATMENT

**Azalea.** Re-pot, when necessary, immediately after flowering, using a compost made up of 3 parts peat, 1 part loam, together with a little silver sand and leaf mould. In June, the plants may be plunged outdoors in a semi-shady position; spray them regularly to stimulate new growth. Feed weekly from April to August, watering freely until October, moderately at other times, but always keeping the root ball thoroughly moist. Prune in June, shortening straggly growth. In September, move back into greenhouse.

**Cyclamen.** Gradually decrease the amount of water given after flowering until the plants are almost dry in May and June. In August, corms may be re-potted in John Innes potting compost No. 3, planting the corm on the surface, pressed firmly in position. Water moderately (from below, by immersing the pot to its rim) until growth begins, when watering may be slightly increased, feeding with liquid manure when the buds begin to show. Plants can stand outside from the end of May to September.

**Winter Cherry.** Plunge outdoors during summer, removing to greenhouse in September. Plants can be cut back when the berries drop. When in flower, syringe the plants daily to help in the setting of berries, keeping the roots uniformly damp. Feed weekly when in berry.

**Primula obconica.** Plunge outdoors in a shady spot from the end of May to September, keeping well watered and feeding regularly during the summer months. For long blooming, remove faded flowers.

While in flower, these plants are happy in a temperature between 50-55 degrees but will tolerate slightly higher or lower temperatures for short periods. Most of them will have finished blooming by March or April. They can then be placed under the greenhouse staging until the pots are plunged outdoors.

This will leave the shelves free for sowings of half-hardy annuals, vegetables and salad. Vegetables and green salad that can be sown under glass in spring include broad beans, runner beans, marrows, sweetcorn and lettuce for transplanting. Successional sowings of mustard and cress can be made from October to April at three-weekly intervals, in shallow pans filled with John Innes potting compost No. 1. Sow cress three days earlier than mustard for maturing together.

Other seed may be sown in John Innes seed compost or Levington seed compost.

Tomato plants for growing under glass can be raised from seed in early March.

# TIRED?



## Tired blood makes tired people

**When your blood gets tired you lose your zest for life. Your inner glow.** There are a number of reasons why this happens. Even if you eat regularly you may not get the amount of iron you need.

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**put back the iron  
you're missing**



## RETURN TO MARASANDS

Continued from page 22

weekends. It was one of those early spring evenings when the air is soft and warm, and summer suddenly seems within reach. In a damp, sheltered corner, bright, golden stars were showing among the glossy celandine leaves. But, when I reached the sand dunes on the far side, nothing was growing but marram grass and dusty sea-holly.

Down these slopes Tessa and I had slid, and raced, and tumbled till we collapsed, exhausted—our shorts, shirts, hair, filled with sand. In that hollow, I'd spent one afternoon reciting romantic, home-made poetry, while Tessa lay on her back chewing at a blade of grass. At the end of each appalling epic she'd open her brown eyes wide and say, "Oh, Ian, that was *super!* I wish I could write like that."

And I'd feel like Keats and Shelley and Dylan Thomas all rolled into one.

**I**T WASN'T until I came over the top and stood looking out to sea, that I noticed the girl. At first, so far away was she that she seemed no more than a matchstick figure. But, as she came nearer, walking along the very edge of the sea where the white foam nibbled at the beach, there was something familiar about the way she moved, an endearing, loping stride. She had a dog with her, a shapeless black spaniel, and every now and then she bent down to pick up a stone to throw for it. I think it was the way she threw, nice and easy like a boy, that made me recognise her.

I began to run down the slope, and at that moment, she turned and looked towards me. She hesitated a moment—who wouldn't at the sight of a strange man belting over the sand?—but when I raised both arms in that mock prizefighters' signal we used to make, I saw her call something to the dog, and then both of them came running.

We stood apart, looking at each other for what seemed like minutes. The old Tessa was still there in the way she moved and stood, but she was beautiful. I don't know what I'd expected, when I first caught sight of her—seven years were bound to have brought some changes. But I hadn't realised those lost years would have altered her so much.

Her hair was still long and brown, but now was drawn back and tied with a black ribbon, low in the nape of the neck. Her forehead, that had always been buried under a shaggy fringe, was wide, with well-marked eyebrows like wings over her huge eyes. And artless tendrils of hair brushed the fine bones of her cheeks.

But when she spoke it was in her old, familiar, breathy voice. "Ian," she said. "It is you, isn't it? You're so pale. You look so tired."

"You look . . . well, Tessa," I replied, inadequately. The truth was that I was tongue-tied. I'd lived for too many days with the memory of Tessa as a child to adjust quite effortlessly to the real girl.

"I wondered who the mad man was at first," she said. "Till you did our sign. Do you remember? That summer?" The way she put it, it might have been in another world. A sudden diffidence prevented me from saying how much those days had been in my mind.

She took my arm and we began climbing up the dune. The soft sand shifted underfoot. It was like walking on a treadmill, getting nowhere. I found myself breathing rapidly, my legs were like jelly.

Tessa stopped. "Ian, your face! It's grey! What's the matter? Are you ill?"

"I'm all right. It's just weakness. I'm not used to rushing around."

I explained about the pneumonia, feeling feeble, and exhausted, and old, old, old. I was angry with myself to be caught in this decrepit state.

She took out a handkerchief and, very gently, wiped the cold sweat off my brow. Then said, "Let's sit down for a bit. Dear old Dinah needs a rest. Look at her. She's far too fat. Mummy will give her scraps when I'm not there to watch."

She was being kind and tactful, but I still felt that old Dinah and I were a pair of seedy deadbeats.

After a while, when my heart had stopped its double-quick, crazy hammering, we talked. I learned how she'd finished school, then gone to London.

"Short on brains, as you know, so they thought I'd better learn some domestic skills," she said. "I hated it at first—living in a town, and having to dress properly, and all that. But you got used to it. And there were always lots of parties. Plenty to do."

She reached out for a blade of marram grass, cursed softly as

Continued overleaf



### Californian Meat Cakes

1 small onion (chopped)  
1 oz. dripping or bacon fat  
7-oz. can Fray Bentos  
Lean Cut Corned Beef  
8 oz. mashed potatoes  
Salt and pepper  
1 egg yolk  
6 rashers streaky bacon  
(rinds removed)

Lightly fry onion in the fat. Flake corned beef. Add potatoes, onion, seasoning and egg yolk. Mix well. Shape into six patties about 1 inch in depth. Wrap bacon rasher round each one, fasten with cocktail stick. Place on ovenproof dish. Bake in fairly hot oven (Gas No. 6—400°F.) for about 25 minutes, until bacon is brown and crisp. (3 servings)

with Corned Beef



### Steak and Kidney Pudding with Buttered Carrots and Fried Mushrooms

16-oz. can Fray Bentos Steak  
and Kidney Pudding  
8 oz. small carrots (sliced)  
4 oz. small mushrooms (washed)  
Butter  
1 tablesp. chopped parsley  
(optional)

Pierce hole in lid of canned pudding. Stand in boiling water, simmer for 45 minutes, adding more boiling water if required. Meanwhile, boil carrots until tender in salted water. Then drain and toss in a generous knob of butter, and parsley if liked. Lightly fry mushrooms in butter then drain on kitchen paper. Completely remove lid from canned pudding, covering can with cloth to prevent spurring. Loosen pudding from sides of can with broad-bladed knife. Turn onto hot dish. Garnish with carrot and mushrooms. (2 servings)

with Steak and Kidney Pudding



# Meatier meals for mid- week.

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means the finest lean meat, ready for you to cook and serve. Save time, save waste. Fray Bentos helps you to make the most of your time and money.

### Fray Bentos Nests

About 2 lb. cooked mashed potatoes  
Little beaten egg  
2 oz. mushrooms (washed and diced)  
15½-oz. can Fray Bentos Savoury Minced Steak with Onions in Rich Gravy

Fork or pipe mashed potato in rings on a baking tray or ovenproof dish. Brush potato with a little beaten egg. Brown in hot oven (Gas No. 7—425°F.) or under grill. Put savoury minced steak into a saucepan. Add diced mushrooms, bring to boil, then simmer, stirring occasionally, until mushrooms are tender. Place potato rings on serving dish, fill with meat mixture. (4 servings)

with Savoury Minced Steak  
with Onions in Rich Gravy



**Fray Bentos**  
means lean meat

# When a cough keeps him awake

There's nothing more disturbing than listening to your child cough at night. And that's where double-action Antussin comes in.

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**Doctors have a name for it.** 'Anti-tussive' is the name doctors give to a medicine designed to calm the cough centre - hence the name Antussin. Antussin calms the cough centre.

Of course, children don't understand a thing about nerve centres. Fortunately they don't need to; a teaspoonful of cherry-flavoured Antussin syrup is the kind of treatment kiddies like.

**ANTUSSIN** - calms the nerves that make him cough.



What every woman should know to keep her family healthy.

## Doctors know a thing or two about Headaches

The familiar headache remedies like aspirin and codeine have been around for years in one form or another. But nothing can halt the march of progress. These days British doctors are writing more prescriptions for the pain reliever in new Hedex than for any other.

This pain reliever, paracetamol, is being used more and more extensively in hospitals, clinics and general practice. And now you can buy it, without a prescription, in Hedex.



## Nurse Vincent advises

A cold is no way to start the New Year, so my advice is to start treating it at the earliest signs. Pack the victim off to bed in a warm but well ventilated room. It helps to take an analgesic that will lower temperature and relieve aches and pains, preferably one your doctor would recommend. The new hot lemon drinks containing analgesics are ideal at night. The Vitamin C they contain helps replace the Vitamin C you lose during a cold. These hot lemon drinks, a light diet and plenty of rest will soon put the sufferer to rights.

If you want to find out about more ways to keep your family healthy write, enclosing a 5d. stamp, to Nurse Vincent, 2 Saint Mark's Hill, Surbiton, Surrey.

## Constipation is one of the problems of pregnancy nobody talks about

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## RETURN TO MARASANDS

Continued

its sharp edge caught her finger, then began nibbling at it. It was an unconscious gesture that I found oddly endearing. And comforting to see this, at least, was left of her childhood.

"I've got a job now," she continued. "Two girls and I run a sort of elegant meals-on-wheels. Neat little supper parties for bachelors who want to entertain, lush dinners for people who don't want the fag of cooking."

"Sounds great," I murmured. I was lying on my back, looking up at the pink-tinged sky. Now and then I glanced sideways at Tessa. I could see her profile, now almost classical in its beauty, and the long column of her neck.

"Boy friends, Tessa? You must have hundreds. I'd have thought you'd be married by now."

A quick peek at me under lowered lashes, her cheeks flushed. "That's why I'm home," she said, after a pause, as if she were uncertain whether to speak. "I was engaged to this man. They..." She always called her parents 'They'... "They were very keen. He, Bob that is, is an accountant. Up-and-coming. Great future. You know. Admirably suited we were. Everybody said so. Me with my social graces."

"What happened?" I asked.

She rolled over on to her stomach, propped her chin on her hands and looked down at me. Her mouth curved into a smile. I could see the dimple in her cheek, and the gold tips of her long lashes.

"I ran away," she said, simply. "Wrote him a note, sent back the ring. I always was a coward about scenes. I'm not very popular at home, I can tell you. That's why I brought Dinah out for a walk. To get away from the reproachful looks."

"But why?" I asked. "Why?"

"Because I got cold feet. I thought of the years and years ahead, married to Bob, and do you know what I thought? I thought 'How boring! How excruciatingly boring!' That's when I knew I didn't love him at all. I just loved the thought of it, being engaged, and the wedding, and all that excitement."

I closed my eyes. I didn't want her to see the sudden, unreasonable sense of relief I felt. That emphasis on 'boring', that 'do you know what?' was so reminiscent that I felt the years had all dissolved away.

"Remember that last day?" I said.

"Of course. And the row after it. You never wrote, Ian. Why didn't you write?"

"I don't know," I said, drowsily. The fresh air, and exercise, and the still, mild air were having a soporific effect on me. The tide was almost at its height. I could hear the swish of the shallow waves, fanning out on the beach and dragging back.

THE SEA had been like that on our last day seven years ago. So still and calm that there'd been no question of sailing.

"We'll go fishing," I said, and Tessa had rushed back with me to collect some lines. There were rules about sailing, tedious but necessary things like life-jackets to be worn, and notes to be left saying how long we'd be out. That was my first mistake. Well, sculling about fishing didn't count as sailing, did it?

The trouble was that the fishing soon got too dull, so we took an oar each and started rowing so energetically that my little boat seemed to skim over the water like a bird. We were both honestly amazed when we stopped rowing and looked round.

"We're nearly at the island," said Tessa. "Look. Over there. Let's go there, Ian. It wouldn't take long, and it's our last chance. Boring old school next week!"

That did it.

"It'll be a helluva long row back," I said, cautiously. "We'll have the tide, though. Mustn't stay long. All right?"

By the time we got there a breeze had sprung up, and we were quite glad to land. Tessa went bounding off up the rocks, while I tied the boat up. In no time she was back, hugging her arms round her.

"Golly, it's cold up there. Let's make a fire. We could cook our fish."

The fire was more successful than the cooking. The one tiny mackerel was pretty dirty and burnt by the time it'd fallen off its stick a dozen times. But we toasted our sandwiches, and they were delicious with melted cheese dripping from them.

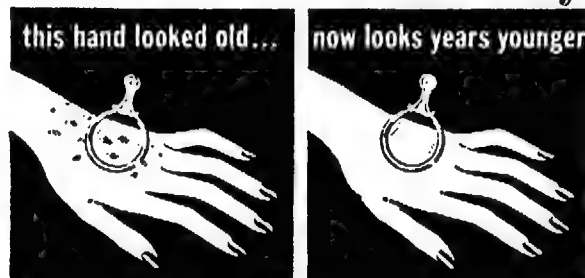
Snug in the hollow by the fire, neither of us noticed the heavy bank of cloud that now covered the sky, nor felt the added strength of the wind. But, as soon as I climbed out I felt it.

The sea was now an ugly slate colour, confused and lumpy. If I'd had my sails with me, or been alone, I'd have risked it and made for home. But the thought of taking Tessa back in that fragile dinghy, with only oars for power, was too alarming. I had that much sense.

Continued overleaf

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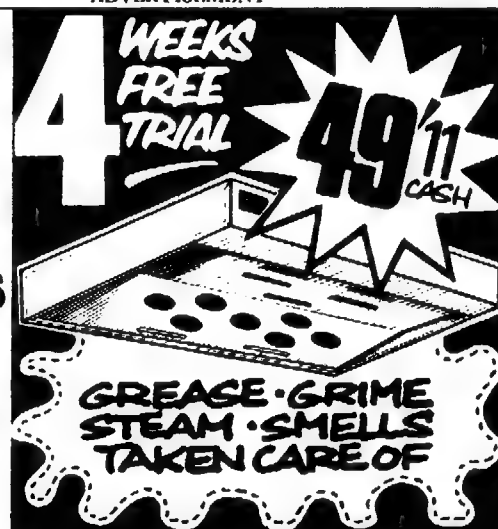
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## RETURN TO MARASANDS

Continued

I went back to break the news to Tessa. She, of course, thought it was a great adventure. I, with three years seniority, felt less happy. Responsibility weighed heavy on me.

"We'll collect some more wood. Keep the fire going," I said. "It'll give us something to do." I tried to sound unconcerned. To be truthful, I thought a fire might be a good idea if we were forced to stay there long. It might even act as a signal.

It got dark very early. In the half-light, Tessa's eyes looked apprehensive. I was only too aware that she was scared of the dark. I arranged our towels for a bed, and made her lie down by the fire.

"You'll need a rest for the long row home," I insisted.

And so, for a while, she slept, and I watched over her. The dry wood crackled and spat, and the acrid smoke got in my eyes and made them water. In the end, I moved a little way off and must eventually have dozed off.

When I awoke the fire had died down to a few smouldering ashes. I could hear Tessa making odd sniffing noises. I got up and went over. I'd never seen her cry, never seen her anything but chirpy and confident. I felt terrible. I didn't know what to do.

"It's all right," I whispered. "I'm here."

She put out a cold hand, and grasped mine. "Don't go away, Ian. I'm so scared."

So I put my arms around her. She felt so thin. I could feel her heart fluttering like a bird. It reminded me of a baby jackdaw that once fell down our chimney. I'd wrapped that in a blanket and held it firmly, too, to stop it shivering.

And so we slept. That was how they found us a couple of hours later, like the babes in the wood.

There was, as I'd expected, an almighty row. I got the worst of it, accusations of irresponsibility, unseamanlike behaviour, disregard of orders, these I expected. But, from Tessa's father I got a cold, calculating look as if he was trying to decide if I was just an incompetent fool of a boy, or a budding maniac, who'd lured his daughter away with evil intent.

It wasn't an easy ride, that slow journey back by motor-boat. Two furious fathers—I realise now that their anger hid their very

real anxiety—and two subdued young people, not to mention Jimmy Robinson, disapproval written large on his stolid face. I hardly dared look at Tessa, never mind speak to her.

Next morning there was the usual rush and bustle of packing to go home. Tessa appeared while my father and I were loading the car. It wasn't the easiest place to say goodbye.

"Were they awful?" I asked, anxiously.

"Not too bad. I think they feel a bit guilty. Mummy says it's time I stopped running wild. I'm to be organised." She made a face, wrinkled her nose in distaste.

"Tessa, I'm sorry," I said. "It's all my fault." Inadequate words to express the way I felt. She'd done so much for me, and I'd spoilt it all.

"Not your fault, Ian. It's been a super holiday—the best ever. Truly it has. I'll never forget it."

And with that she turned and ran away down the drive. I watched her go, through the wicket gate and along the path over the golf course, growing smaller and smaller till she vanished from sight.

FROM FAR away I could hear her voice calling. "Ian, Ian, come on. Wake up. It's getting dark." And there was Tessa grown-up, beautiful, confident, bending over me, gently shaking my shoulder.

"What a performance," she said, teasingly. "You've been snoring, and twitching, and muttering in your sleep. You're as bad as Dinah, chasing rabbits in her dreams. Wherever have you been?"

I didn't let on. That far off time was dead and gone at last. Suddenly, I was no longer sick, grey, half-alive. I felt fit and ready for anything.

I got up and hauled Tessa to her feet. In the fading light her face was shadowed. I could just see the gleam of her teeth as she smiled up at me.

"When are you going back to London?" I said. "I need someone to come and do some classy cooking for me. I trust," I added, "that you're allowed to dine with your customers?"

Tessa squeezed my hand. "Oh, Ian, it is good to see you again," she said.

THE END

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# DEEP CALLS TO DEEP

Big oaks from little acorns grow—  
Canon Kenneth Budd enlarges on this  
thought and emphasises the truth in it

**G**REAT PEOPLE sometimes come from the most "unlikely" places, and humble origins are no necessary bar to fame or to a lasting influence for good. "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" exclaimed Nathanael (St. John 1:46), mentioning a place so obscure and unimportant that it was looked on with some contempt. Yet it was here that Jesus was brought up and received His early training.

There is no doubt that the telling illustrations He used in much of His teaching (about, for example, the leaven in the meal and sewing a piece of new cloth into an old garment) were drawn from His early experiences in that humble household. And we must never allow ourselves to be "put off", a particular aim by the scepticism, perhaps unspoken but very obvious, of those who doubt even the possibility of its attainment in our circumstances.

I know that there are still many girls (and probably boys, too!) who enjoy reading the book "Little Women". It was published over a hundred years ago, and goes on being translated and circulated in many different languages. The author, Louisa May Alcott, was told that she could expect little success as a writer! She never married, but by her writing she was able to maintain her



This splendid alabaster bas-relief, depicting the manger and the Three Wise Men, can be found in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Long Melford, Suffolk.

brothers and sisters who would otherwise have been penniless. It is said that when she had become world-famous and people called to interview her, she usually opened the door wearing an apron and dustcap.

I suppose the secret of the success of such a book is that its subject—the home and the family, with the tears and the laughter that make up the course of life—is one which we shall never outgrow or find obsolete, in spite of any experiments we may make in "communal" living, and so on.

There are some words in one of the Psalms which express the fundamental sim-

plicity of religion and the needs of human nature. "Deep calleth unto deep" (Psalm 42:7). And God can use such ordinary people, such ordinary things and situations, to evoke a response in His children.

## THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

"The Big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me."

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) on Jane Austen

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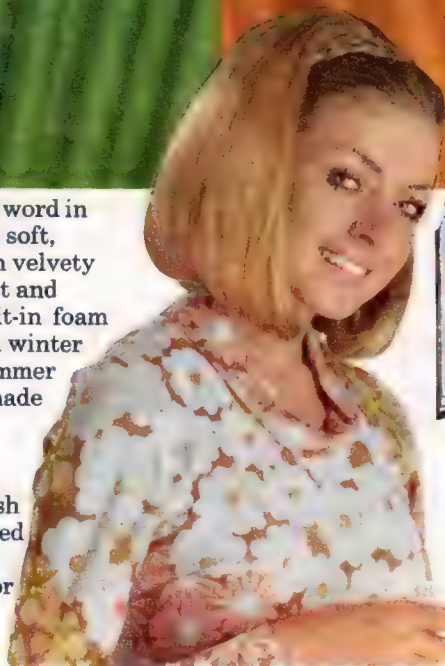
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## CURTAIN CALL Continued from page 16

what he was now. Success sat so easily on those broad shoulders, her imagination balked at the picture he was painting.

"It's quite true," he said, and she realised that he had turned his head and accurately read her expression. "We all have to start somewhere." His tone lightened. "You're following in my footsteps, Kerry. Don't let me down."

Somehow Kerry found herself standing on the pavement. She closed the door, saw him raise a hand in casual farewell, and then the car was moving away and out of sight, the sound of the engine dwindling into the distance until it merged with the overall clamour of the main road traffic.

So that was that, she thought flatly. By the time he had recrossed the river he would in all probability have forgotten her very existence.

**T**HE SMELL of frying onions greeted her as she entered the shabby hall, with its faded, Regency-striped wallpaper and cold tiled floor. It increased in strength as she went on up the stairs to the first landing, wafting out from an open door on the right. As Kerry reached it, a figure appeared, tall and loose-limbed and clad in a pair of disreputable-looking slacks and a bulky yellow sweater. In one hand the young man held a frying pan in which sizzled a piece of steak and the aforesaid onions, and in the other a battered tin spoon.

"I thought I heard the door slam," he greeted her cheerfully. "How did it go?" Kerry forced a smile. "How does it ever go?"

"Hey!" Philip Proctor's niece, unremarkable features underwent a change of expression. "That doesn't sound like the girl who went out of here this morning. She was going to show the world."

"I did, and the world wasn't impressed." "You mean they told you they couldn't use you?"

"Well . . . no, not quite." Kerry leaned tiredly against the banisters and felt suddenly close to tears. "Oh, Philip, I haven't a chance. He didn't say so, because he

was trying to be kind, but that's what he thought."

"Who thought?"

"Ryan. Ryan Maxwell. He bought me a meat pie."

Philip stared at her blankly for the space of a second or two, then he shook his head and looked down at the pan in his hand. "Look," he said, "I've just made some coffee. Come on in and have some, and tell me about it. You sound a bit confused."

Inside the small bed-sitting room which was a replica of her own on the floor above, Kerry sank into a chair while Philip went to return the frying pan to its ring on the cooker under the window. He took a cup and saucer out of a curtained alcove beside the sink, brought it across to the table to join the one already there, and indicated the earthenware coffee pot.

"Have some while I dish up."

Back at the cooker he forked over the contents of the pan, reached for the plate put to warm in the rack, then hesitated and glanced back at Kerry. "I can easily stretch this to two, if you're hungry."

She shook her head. "No, thanks, I've eaten. Anyway, I have a chop, if I feel like some food later on."

"All right," he said a moment later, putting his plate down on the table opposite to where she sat, and taking his place. "Now, let's have the whole story right from the beginning. You said this Maxwell fellow bought you a pie? Do you mean *the* Ryan Maxwell?"

It took Kerry five minutes to go over the events of the afternoon, and by the end of that time she was feeling a little better.

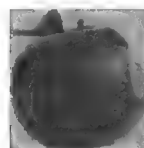
"So you see," she finished, "he never did answer my question about what kind of chance I had of getting the part. I think he was trying to let me down lightly."

"Hmm," Philip said thoughtfully. "From what you tell me, and from what I've read about him, he doesn't sound the type to let anyone down lightly. And what was that last thing he said to you before you got out of the car again? Something about not letting *him* down, wasn't it?"

"Oh, but that was just a joke. He didn't mean anything by it. He couldn't have."

*Continued overleaf*

## Asking about health



**Taking up exercise in middle age should be a gradual process—not sudden and strenuous, warns Sister Helen Grove, S.R.N.**

*My husband, who is fifty, wants to start doing exercises—either at home or at special classes. This is partly because he is just beginning to put on weight, but mainly because he gets no exercise at all and has heard that this may make him more liable to coronary trouble. I am against suddenly starting exercises at his age. What do you think?*

It is true that everyone should have a reasonable amount of exercise. It keeps the muscles firm, encourages breathing and circulation and generally helps to keep the person fit. There is also evidence that people who are active and get sufficient exercise in middle age are less likely to suffer from coronary thrombosis.

However, it is quite wrong for a person who has had no exercise for years, and who has started to put on weight, to start *strenuous* exercising in middle age. This would be more likely to bring about the sort of trouble he was

trying to avoid. Ideally, of course, exercise should be continued throughout life, and people who have done this find no difficulty in keeping it up and playing various sports until middle or old age. But for middle-aged people who have done very little since their youth the re-introduction to exercise should certainly be a gradual process.

Walking instead of driving is one of the best ways to start—and then perhaps cycling. There could also be short periods at some not-too-exhausting sport, such as swimming or golf. These could be increased gradually as the person became accustomed to them. I think it is doubtful if doing exercises, either at home or at special classes, would be desirable at this age for someone unused to them.

Increased activity will probably not help your husband's weight problem on its own, so he should try to reduce by sensible dieting and then watch his weight carefully.



# Mum gets the message

On Monday, 15th February, we change to decimal currency. Let's follow Betty Fisher as she takes her old (and rather crotchety) mother with her to the shops on D (for Decimal) Day.



*It said in the paper that a penny's going to be worth more than 2d. How can a penny be more than tuppence? I ask you!*



*They're new pennies, Mum. There's only 100 to the £, instead of 240—so each new penny must be worth more than two old pennies. They're smaller and lighter, too.*



*Well, I suppose it'll work out in the end!*



*You'll soon get used to it, Mum. We've already got a 50 new pence coin which we've been using as ten shillings, and we can use the two shilling piece as 10 new pence...*



*... and the shilling as 5 new pence! Everyone knows that!*



**THINKS**  
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I thought!*



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**DECIMAL  
CURRENCY  
BOARD**

**CURTAIN CALL**  
Continued

"Possibly not. On the other hand, he could have been saying that if he did put in a word for you with the management, and you got the part, you'd better not betray his trust."

Kerry wished she could believe that. It would have given her something to hold on to. But it was too much to hope for.

There was a brief tap on the door, which opened instantly to admit Philip's immediate neighbour. The newcomer was Philip's age, but there any resemblance to that individual ended abruptly. He was just a little above medium height, with a smooth sweep of fair hair above an extremely good-looking face. In complete contrast to

Philip's apparel he wore a plain grey suit and a white shirt, while over one arm lay a neatly-folded dark overcoat.

"If and when you see Kerry . . ." he began, then his eyes focused on both occupants of the room and he stopped. "So this is where you've been while I've been hanging around waiting for you all this time!" he exclaimed in peeved tones. "It might have slipped your memory, but we had a date at two o'clock."

"Oh, heavens, so we did!" Kerry looked back at him ruefully. "I'm sorry, Ralph, really I am. I got tied up."

"So I see."

"Not with me, chump," put in Philip good-humouredly. "Our Kerry here has been hobnobbing with the stars—one of them, at least."

"What's he talking about?" Ralph demanded of Kerry, not noticeably mollified by the information. "Where have you been all this time?"

Not for anything, Kerry decided in that moment, was she going to go through the whole story again. "Take no notice of him," she said lightly. "There were a lot more than I expected at the audition, that's all." She glanced in the direction of the alarm clock ticking away merrily on the small table next to the divan in the corner, added quickly, "Couldn't we still go? It's not all that late."

"The visitor's gallery," came the cool reply, "closed at three o'clock. I did mention that particular fact yesterday."

"Where were you going, anyway?" asked Philip idly. "The Houses of Parliament?"

"As a matter of fact, I was taking Kerry to the Stock Exchange."

"Oh?" A glint of laughter lit the eyes behind the horn-rimmed spectacles. "A great pity she missed that treat. Still, never mind, you can always take her to the pictures instead."

"Unfortunately that isn't possible." A touch of importance in the other's tone now. "I only had this afternoon off because my boss wanted to work this evening on a special job."

"What is he, a cat burglar?" Philip grinned irrepressibly at Ralph's unamused expression. "Well, don't worry about it, old chap. I'll tell you what. I'll take Kerry to the pictures, and we'll tell you all about it tomorrow. How's that?"

"I wouldn't be interested in your type of film, Proctor," was the tight rejoinder. "Kerry, I have a little time left before I have to go back to the office. We could have tea somewhere."

Kerry hesitated before slowly shaking her head. "It's nice of you, Ralph, but if you don't mind I'd really rather not. I've a headache coming on. I wouldn't be very good company, I'm afraid."

For a moment he looked at her, then his eyes went to Philip and his expression tightened. "I'll leave you then. I hope your . . . headache soon wears off."

"It will, old boy," murmured Philip in an undertone as the other turned on his heel, "as soon as you close the door behind you."

"Do you have to be quite so churlish with him?" said Kerry reprovingly when they were alone again. "He's a very interesting person when you get to know him."

"Heaven preserve me from the doing thereof!" Philip spooned sugar into the coffee she had just poured for him. He took an appreciative gulp, and glanced across at her. "You know, that wasn't a bad idea of mine about going to a film tonight. We haven't done it for ages. How about it?"

"We can't afford it," she said practically, and he grinned.

"You speak for yourself. I had a cheque in the post today. Come on, girl, let's live a little. Time enough to worry about money when we're scraping the barrel right down to the wood."

"But what about the new microscope you wanted?"

"There'll be enough left over for that, too. Now, stop quibbling and say you'll come. It'll do us both good to get away from this place for a spell."

Yes, Kerry had to admit, it would; particularly in Philip's company. Since the day of her arrival at Mrs. O'Keefe's, when she had bumped into him on the stairs, he had

*Continued overleaf*

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## CURTAIN CALL

Continued

taken her under his wing in the manner of a fond elder brother. With him she had always felt relaxed and at ease. Totally unlike—the thought crept into her mind—the emotions she had experienced in Ryan Maxwell's company.

"All right," she agreed, thrusting the memory into the recesses of her mind, "I'll go with you." She pushed her empty cup away and got to her feet. "I must go and get ready. What time do you want to set off?"

"As soon as we can. Get in before the crowds." He had risen with her. "I'll have a look in the paper and see what's on."

Upstairs in her own room she stood irresolutely for a second or two, before crossing slowly to the table beside the divan to leaf through the pile of magazines standing upon it. Finding the one she wanted, she turned the pages until she came to the large photograph which constituted page fifty-six. She hesitated, then tore the whole page carefully from the book. The captured face looked back at her with an air of resigned tolerance. Kerry could just imagine Ryan sitting there while the photographer fiddled with his apparatus, thinking of all the things he could have been doing with the time.

Suddenly she crumpled the page in her hands. What was she doing, mooning over a photograph? The sooner she forgot Ryan Maxwell the better.

THE FILM they finally chose to see was French, and very good. Afterwards Philip insisted on taking her to a tiny Italian café he knew, for a Spaghetti Bolognese which had to be tasted to be believed. By the time they arrived home, Kerry was so tired she could barely keep her eyes open, and was only too glad to comply when Philip put on his best bedside manner and prescribed a good night's rest without delay.

She awoke to a room full of cold grey light and the sound of rain lashing against the window. To light the gas fire meant a dash across the threadbare carpet to the fireplace, and a struggle with the tap which always seemed to stiffen up overnight. At the moment bed seemed the more attractive proposition. In any case, there was nothing in particular to get up for.

The sharp burr of the telephone down in the hall brought no immediate response. Only when the loud, female voice bellowed her name up the stairs did Kerry come sharply upright, her heart thudding suddenly and sickeningly against her ribs. Who on earth could be phoning her at eight-thirty in the morning? Unless . . .

Without knowing quite how she had done it, she was out of bed, into her dressing-gown and running down the stairs. Mrs. O'Keefe was standing with the receiver in her hand, and a slightly martyred expression on her face.

"If you wouldn't mind telling . . ." she began, but Kerry wasn't listening. Almost snatching the telephone away from her, she spoke breathlessly into it. "Kerry West here."

Two minutes later she replaced the receiver, swept an unseeing gaze over her extremely interested landlady, and turned slowly to face Philip, who was standing at the foot of the stairs.

"I've got it," she said dazedly. "They want me to play Charmian."



A beaming smile broke over his features. With a yell of glee he sprang forward and swung her into the air, totally ignoring the disapproving click of Mrs. O'Keefe's tongue.

"You've done it, you've done it! I knew you could!" Putting her down again, he stepped back and made her a mock bow. "The new Ellen Terry!"

**T**HE FIRST reading of *Antony and Cleopatra* took place ten days later in a rehearsal room near to the theatre.

One of the first to arrive, Kerry was allocated a place about a third of the way down the long, rectangular table, from which position she watched the gathering company with interest tinged with apprehension. They all looked so confident, so completely at ease, so very much more experienced at this kind of thing than she was herself—with the possible exception of the dark-haired girl just coming in through the doorway. Another newcomer to the West End stage, perhaps?

Many of the others she knew already, though only by sight and reputation. Up there at the top of the table, the stocky man with a touch of grey in his dark hair was Edmund Peters, who was to play Octavius. Along with Harry Winston (Enobarbus) he was deep in discussion with the producer, a man of tremendous talent and experience who had worked with a number of these people many times before. Already, at forty-two, Warren Trent was hailed as the leading interpreter of Shakespeare in the country. To be given the chance to work under him was an honour in itself.

"Charmian or Iras are you playing?" asked a lazy voice at her side, and she turned her head quickly to find herself the object of a speculative gaze from the man who leaned negligently against the back of the chair next to hers. His deep gold hair grew thickly to the collar of his modishly belted black jacket, while his tanned skin threw brilliant blue eyes into startling relief.

"Adrian Vaughan," he supplied now, with a smile calculated to reach most female hearts. "Agrippa."

"Kerry West," she returned, and the smile grew.

"Then you're Charmian." Pulling out the chair he sat down. "It's going to be a shame to hide that glorious hair under a black wig. The true titian is such a rare colour. I think you're the first to reintroduce it to the boards since Moira Shearer hung up her ballet shoes."

"Then I shall have to try to live up to it," she answered gravely. "I saw you in *Richard III* at Stratford last year, Mr. Vaughan. It was an excellent production, wasn't it?"

"Oh, undoubtedly." His voice sounded a little dry. "I'm surprised you even noticed me, considering I had less than a dozen lines to speak." Leaning a little closer, he went on, "How is it I haven't seen anything of you before? What have you done?"

"Very little." Kerry saw no reason to mention the disastrous television series. "You've been out of the country, haven't you, Mr. Vaughan?"

"Hey, what's this with the Mister bit?" His eyes danced at her. "You stick with your Uncle Adrian. I'll look after you."

"I've a feeling," she murmured, "that I'd be wiser taking my chances on my own."

"But very much duller, darling. I..." He broke off abruptly, his gaze going beyond her to the door, his expression changing. "Ah, here come the King and Queen. Hope

*Continued overleaf*

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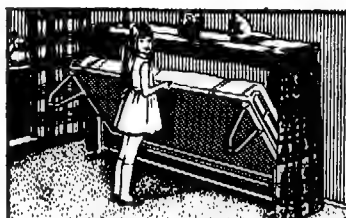
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## CURTAIN CALL Continued

they remembered to put out the red carpet!"

Kerry twisted in her seat to follow his gaze, and felt her heart lurch as the tall, grey-clad figure entered the room. Intent on the familiar face, she barely noticed his companion, until that person moved across her line of vision to place a slender white hand on Ryan's sleeve, and say something which drew a swift smile to his lips and a ripple of laughter from those now gathered about the pair.

"The lady deigns to jest," said Adrian in an undertone.

Struck by the cynicism in his voice, Kerry glanced round at him, but his eyes were fixed upon the woman at Ryan's side, as indeed were those of practically everyone else in the room. Kerry couldn't blame them; she was infinitely worth looking at. A fraction above medium height for a woman, with a breathtaking figure in the clinging, red jersey dress, her long, dark hair swept back and up from a face of dramatic beauty... Paula Vinceant, veteran of at least five Stratford seasons—if such a term could be fairly applied to one surely on the safe side of thirty—and certainly one of the most sought after actresses of the West End theatre.

Hardly to be wondered at, thought Kerry numbly, that she was the woman with whom the gossip columnists had most often linked Ryan's name during the last few months. She was everything a man could possibly desire in a woman; beautiful and talented.

"I wonder how long it will be before he steps into her late husband's shoes?" Adrian murmured.

"You think they might be planning to marry soon?"

"They?" He gave a short laugh. "Sweet-heart, where our little Paula is concerned, there's no such thing as a majority decision. What she wants, she gets. And she wants Ryan Maxwell."

"How can you possibly know that?"

"Because she told me so," he said flatly.

Kerry said slowly, "You know her well?"

He shrugged. "Let's just say that I know her."

The group of people in the doorway were beginning to disperse, moving along both sides of the table to take their seats. Ryan and Paula were naturally at the top alongside the producer. Gradually everyone began to settle down and open their scripts. The hum of conversation died.

And then, loud and clear down the length of the room, came the voice of Warren Trent's assistant: "Adrian, what are you doing down there? You should be alongside Eros."

"I like the company better where I am," was the lazily deliberate reply, and Kerry's cheeks were hot as every eye in the room turned in her direction. Someone laughed, and said something in an undertone which drew a slightly shocked giggle from the girl who was his immediate neighbour. Kerry dared not look directly towards the head of the table.

"Sorry to upset your arrangements, Janice darling," Adrian went on, "but I've just got the seat warm! You can hear me from there, can't you, Warren?"

"I can hear everyone from here, I hope," was the pointed reply. "All right, Janice, it isn't important." He looked down the table to the man playing Philo. "Shall we begin?"

Continued on page 68





## Your letters to Matron

Her helpful suggestions can often go a long way  
towards removing a mother's anxiety

*My baby is such a slow feeder that it sometimes takes an hour to give him his bottle, due to the fact that he will keep going off to sleep instead of sucking all the time. He is three weeks old and is fed every four hours, but by the time he has finished one bottle it is barely three hours before the next one is due. How can I keep him awake?*

It sounds as though the hole in the bottle teat is too small. This makes the baby work so hard to get the milk that he drops off to sleep after a few sucks. He is too young to stay awake for long at a stretch, and an hour is far too long for any child to take over one feed. Enlarge the original hole by heating the tip of a large darning needle in a flame, and piercing the teat with this. The hole should be large enough to allow the milk to drip through at the rate of about a drop a second when the bottle is upturned. I have sent you a leaflet on feeding a baby both by the bottle and by the breast.

### CHILBLAINS ON EARS

*Is it possible to develop chilblains on the ears, or do they only come on the hands or feet? I think my little boy has one on his right ear. He says it itches dreadfully when he is in the warm, and it certainly looks red, and has the appearance of a chilblain.*

Yes, chilblains sometimes do affect the ears, although the most common places for them are on the toes and fingers. Let your little boy wear some cosy ear-muffs and a knitted woolly helmet when he goes out of doors. The important thing is to keep his ears warm at all times by natural methods—never by exposing them to direct heat such as a fire or hot water bottle. I have sent you a leaflet on what to do for chilblains that should help to overcome this painful trouble quickly.

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## CURTAIN CALL

Continued from page 66

IN THE next few moments Kerry forgot her embarrassment over the attention drawn to her by Adrian. This was not the time for such indulgences. She sat on tenterhooks through the first scene, came in nervously, and stumbled badly before picking up and gaining confidence. After that she had little difficulty, and was able, in those scenes where she did not speak, to give her full attention to the superbly controlled voice of Anthony.

Ryan read through the rôle at an extremely fast rate, and yet managed to give sense to every word. In the death scene, his "I am dying, Egypt, dying" brought a stirring from the assembled company like a breeze rustling through the trees. If he could evoke such emotion at a mere reading, thought Kerry with a lump in her throat, what would he do with those same words at an actual performance?

Of Paula's efforts she was rather less enthusiastic. Oh, she could certainly handle the lines, and there was no doubt that she looked the part, but there was something in her interpretation of Cleopatra, even now emerging, which Kerry herself did not care for. Unless she was very much mistaken, the actress saw her rôle as that of the twin protagonist. And that, temptation though it undoubtedly was, was entirely wrong, because Shakespeare himself had intended only one star in the firmament—Antony. It could very well be that these coming weeks might see some very real battles enacted on the rehearsal stage.

Altogether the reading took a little over three and a half hours. Given the timing, Warren ordered an eight o'clock curtain, made a little speech thanking them all for a fine effort, and snapped his fingers to conjure up a detailed model of the set they would be using. It was a beautifully simple piece of work, with movable parts to suit the changes of scene. After this had been thoroughly discussed, Warren began to talk about the play and the individual parts, making suggestions here and there about the attitudes of the various characters with the imagination for which he was famed.

By the time he had finished, Kerry was longing to start on rehearsals properly, and see those ideas start to come to life. Already she could see the shape of what was to come, and from where she stood it looked great.

"How about a drink, and then dinner somewhere?" asked Adrian as chairs began to scrape.

Kerry hesitated. "I'm not dressed for dinner."

His eyes dwelt for a moment on her slender figure in the blue suit. "It depends where we go. You look delightful to me."

"Still using the same old line, I see, darling," intoned a huskily familiar voice from just behind them, and they both turned as one. Paula had one arm thrust lightly through Ryan's—a proprietary gesture which was not lost upon either of the two facing her. With deliberation she looked Kerry over from head to foot, and one corner of her red mouth turned down. "Reduced to cradle-snatching these days, are you, Adrian?" she drawled, and then to Kerry herself, "My dear, you'll be well advised to steer clear of this wolf in wolf's clothing. He means you no good."

"On the contrary," Adrian sounded as cool and composed as she did, but there was a visible curl to his lip. "One treats as one finds." Briefly he nodded to the other man. "Long time since we last met."

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"Isn't it?" Ryan barely bothered to glance in his direction. "So you made it after all, young Kerry. Congratulations."

Paula's expression underwent a fractional change. "You didn't tell me you were already acquainted with Adrian's little friend."

"It didn't occur to me," he returned equably. "Anyway . . ." with a quizzical lift of his brow at Kerry . . . "the acquaintance was too brief to go on record. How did you rate today's proceedings?"

Her reply was guarded. "It seemed to go well."

"The true conservative. You should get together with Harry. He never commits himself to any opinion until the press notices are out." If he felt the restless movement of the woman on his arm, he gave no sign. "Come on over and meet him before you go."

"You're forgetting that we're due at the Rayburns in less than an hour." Paula's voice had just a slight edge to it. "I still have to change."

"So we are. Oh, well, you'll meet him in due course." There was humour in the line of his mouth.

"And when did you meet him?" asked Adrian as soon as the two were out of earshot. "You never let on that you knew him."

"I don't." Kerry registered her pulse rate without surprise. "We bumped into each other just outside the theatre after my audition."

"Really?" He looked thoughtfully after the departing couple. "Well, if I were you I'd make sure it doesn't happen too often—unless you like trouble." His tone lightened. "Now, about that dinner date . . ."

"If you don't mind," she said quickly, "I think I'll pass it up tonight. I really . . ."

"Mind?" he broke in. "Of course I mind! It was practically settled." He studied her face. "Did you believe what that she-cat said just now?"

"Yes," with a faint smile. "But that isn't the reason. What I was going to say was that I'd prefer to spend this evening going over the first act in readiness for tomorrow."

"Ah, the dedicated type! Honey, the best way to prepare for tomorrow is to forget about the whole thing until then. Believe me, I know."

"The best way for you isn't necessarily so for me," she returned firmly. "I need time to think about Charmian some more before I attempt to put her across on stage. I can't just walk into a part in the way you mean."

"No, perhaps not. Each to his own." He looked quite regretful. "How are you going home tonight? Have you transport of your own?"

"Not even a bicycle," she acknowledged.

"Never mind, sweetheart, it will come. I've a feeling you'll be in great demand after your West End debut. Let me get your coat, and I'll drive you home, wherever that may be." The sound of his name being called turned his head, and he saw Janice Powell beckoning to him. "Hallo, it seems that my presence is required in the Royal box. Hang on here for a moment will you? It shouldn't take long."

Kerry waited until he had joined the group around the set model before going quietly from the room. She would find her own way home and save Adrian the trouble of a double journey to no purpose. In any case, at the moment she wanted to be alone, to savour her exciting day, and reflect upon the events that had made the future so unexpectedly intriguing.

TO BE CONTINUED

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# MARY MARRYAT ADVISES

If you need the advice of a sympathetic friend write to Mary Marryat, at our address on page 6, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a confidential reply. Please remember that several weeks elapse before answers to letters can appear on this page



For the past year or more I have thought that my husband was seeing another woman, but each time I asked him he denied this. About three months ago I found a packet of contraceptives in his pocket, and when I asked about them he said he had bought them for a friend and that if they had been his he would have left them in the car. I believed him at the time, because he knew I always looked in his pockets. Since finding them, things that didn't seem important at the time keep coming back to my mind. I have stopped him going to town two nights a week as he used to, but sometimes he comes home later than he should. He says he is working, but is he? Just lately he has been more loving, but I still can't get it out of my mind that if there is no-one now, there was at one time.

A lot of people wondered why he married me as he is very clever whereas I am not, but I try to be a good wife and we have been married for many years. I love my husband very much, but if there is someone else I would rather he went to live somewhere else because I am very jealous. We keep having dreadful rows, but he always says there is no other woman, so how can I put my mind at ease before it is too late?

BROKEN-HEARTED MRS. B.

When a wife lacks faith in her husband, it may sometimes be because she lacks faith in herself, and feels that she is not attractive or lovable enough to keep his affection, even when her common-sense and the experience of a long and happy marriage tell her that this is nonsense. People who suffer from jealousy, men as well as women, sometimes doubt themselves and their ability to keep the love of their dear ones. They tend to be afraid that love is somehow too good to be true, and that someone is going to take it away from them.

Distrust can cause a lot of harm in a marriage, because a lack of trust shows a lack of respect for your husband's honesty and loyalty. It takes strength and courage to fight a tendency to jealousy, but if you love your husband and value your marriage I think you must try to believe his word, and to have more faith, both in him and in yourself as someone who is lovable.

I wonder if you may perhaps be lacking in outside interests? If you could enlarge your horizons slightly, to include one or two interests outside your home and absorb your thoughts in a more constructive way, you might gain considerably in self-confidence.

## SNOBISH NEIGHBOURS

We recently moved to a new bungalow and the people in this village are very snobbish. I walk down the road and see people I recognise, smile and say good morning, but I just get stared at or ignored. We are a very happy family with two little boys, who fortunately have made friends with the other children. I really have tried to be friendly with people, but they just don't want to know. I am not feeling bitter, only unhappy. What is the matter with people today?

MRS. L.

I am so sorry that your neighbours seem to be behaving in such an unfriendly way. Perhaps your Vicar would be a good person to help you. He will no doubt be interested in any new parishioners, and will want to make them feel welcome, and you could tell him how unhappy you are feeling. I expect there will be various social organisations connected with your church which you could join, such as the Young Wives' Fellowship, where you might well get on friendly terms with your neighbours. You might also join something like the Women's Institute.

People often find that it takes a little while to be accepted in a country village, and if you try not to be discouraged you will probably

find that your neighbours are friendlier than they appear at first. I do hope that things will be much brighter for you soon.

## GROUNDLESS FEAR

I am a widow of 73 drawing £5 a week retirement pension. If I go to live with relatives will my pension be reduced in any way?

L.L.O.

No, your retirement pension will not be reduced if you go to live with relatives.

## A NAME FROM RUSSIA

Can you please tell me the origin and meaning of the name TANYA

MRS. H.

TANYA or TANIA is an abbreviation of the Russian name TATIANA. The meaning of the name is doubtful, but it is possibly of Asiatic origin. It was the name of a third-century martyr of the Orthodox Church and is very popular in Russia. Most Russian names have their diminutives or pet-forms, and these are used more often than they are in England - Ivan is usually known to his close friends as Vanya, Marya as Masha, and so on.

## SOLVING THE DRUGS PROBLEM

Some people probably feel they have heard more than enough of the word "drugs". However, many parents are anxious about the risks to which their adolescent children may be subjected, now or in the future, through introduction to drugs, and a booklet recently published by the Advisory Centre for Education will be of interest to them. The booklet makes the point that the drug problem is simply a new and more dramatic form of the old problems, that the child who is a drug casualty is probably in danger of trouble or tragedy anyway, and that drug abuse may be just another type of delinquent behaviour, except that it is more damaging to the person in the long run than delinquency. The booklet advises that there should be less emphasis on the drugs themselves and more on the problems behind them. It makes the point that parents who have every reason to be confident about their children's development need worry no more than before the drug scare arose, while the teenager who is persistently unhappy with his existence, with little he cares about, may be vulnerable to drug abuse or to delinquency.

"WHERE on Drugs", edited by Beryl McAlhone, is published by the Advisory Centre for Education, 32 Trumpington Street, Cambridge, price 7s. It is available from ACE post free or from bookshops.



## WORDS THAT I WILL REMEMBER

The Editress shares favourite quotations from her scrapbook

A woman possessing nothing but outward advantages is like a flower without fragrance, a tree without fruit.

REGNIER

Small worries are worst when we are idle and are often dispersed by motion like a flock of gnats.

CHARLES HORTON COOLEY

A stout heart breaks bad luck.

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